THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 Benj. Franklin

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Out-of-Doors Number

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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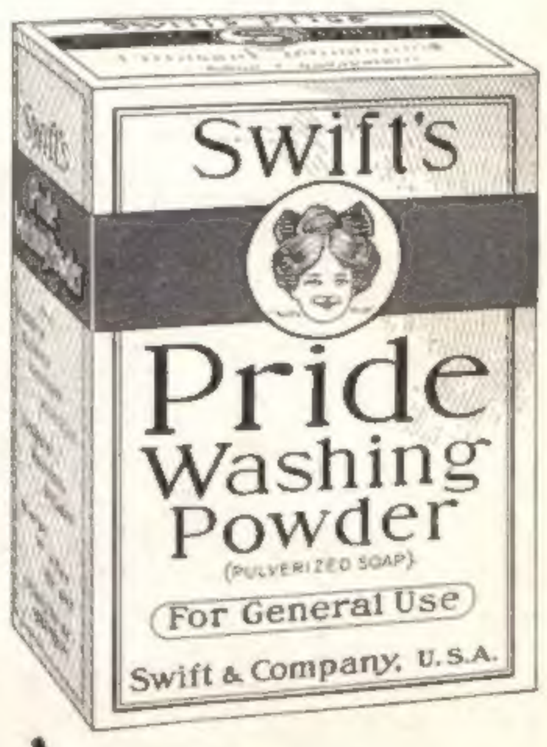

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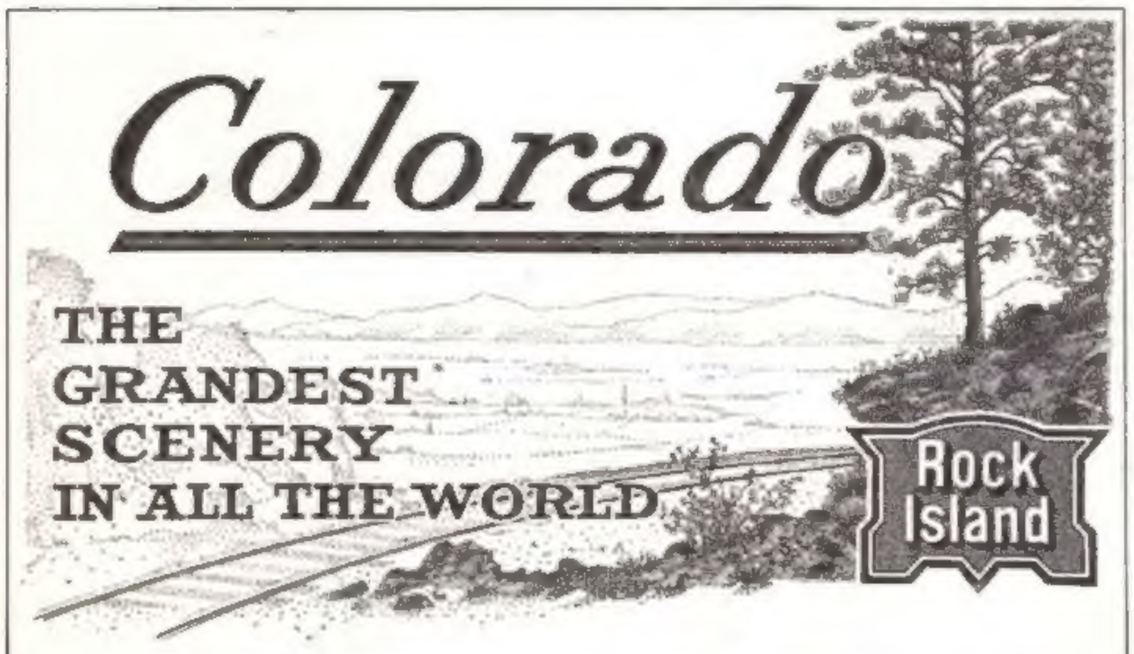

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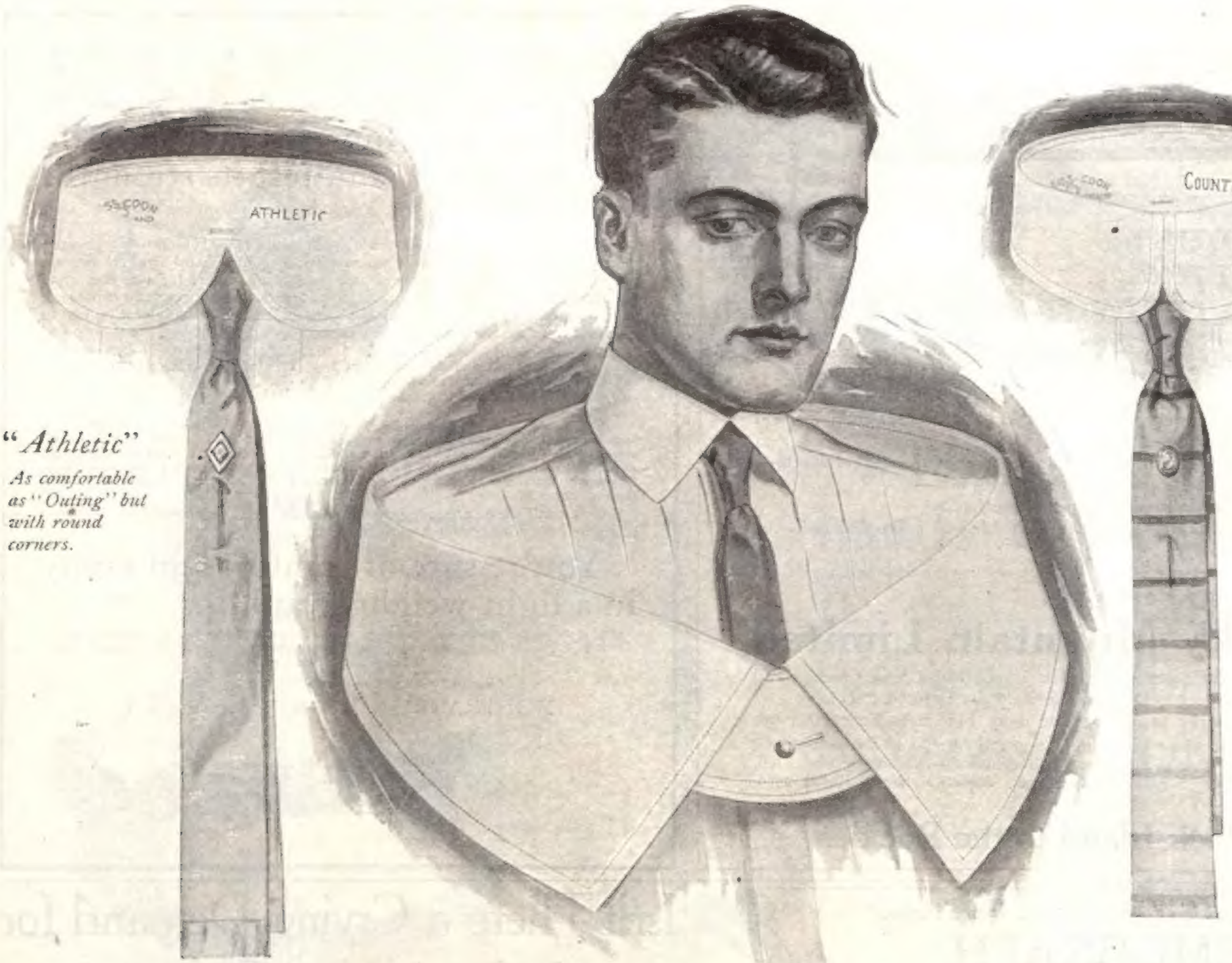

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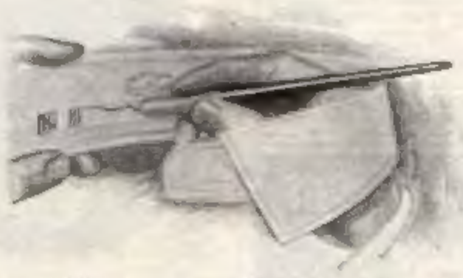

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THE BIG STRIKE AT SIWASH

The Delta Flush Man Came First. He Drew a Jack and Turned a Beautiful Pea-Green

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YES, sir, it's been seven years now since old Siwash College has been beaten in football. When it comes to rooting the oval through or over or around a bunch of alleged opponents and across the chalk line we're the original rooters from Rootville. We've shut out Hopkinsville seven times—pushed them off the field, off the earth, into the hospitals and into the discard. We've beaten six State universities by an average of seven touchdowns, two goal kicks, a rib, three jawbones and four new kinds of yells. We put such a crimp into old Muggledorfer that her Faculty suddenly decided that football developed the toes and teeth at the expense of the intellect, and they took up intercollegiate bean bags instead. And in all these seven years we've never been really scared but once. That was when Ole Skjarsen, our fullback, organized his big strike three years ago.

You remember Skjarsen, of course. There never was a fullback like him—six feet six, weighed two-twenty in his Adam clothes, built like a bull and a pile-driver and a thirteen-inch projectile and an automobile all merged into one harmonious whole. His picture was in every paper in the country for four years. You saw it, of course—that one with his hair down over his noseguard and his ear pulled down over his shoulder. He had that picture taken after he had ploughed through twenty-seven feet of raging Aggies with the ball under his arm for a touchdown. There wasn't quite room for all of him to go through and he had to go back after his ear while we kicked goal. He was interviewed on the Presidential situation once by the Swirled—full-page picture, you remember. That one in which he has a broken nose. The President called him to Washington to consult with him on the best way of curing mollycoddles without breaking the humane laws. The magazines printed pictures of his elbows and toes and neck and other working-parts, and the five-cent theatres used to charge a dime to show him in action. All the time Ole was in college we were the champions of our section of the universe, and the school grew until they had to put in four training tables, a new stadium, a magnificent gymnasium, and the finest cinder track in the West, to say nothing of a new science hall. Prexy used to talk to Ole with his hat in his hand and all the Seeing-Jonesville autos used to stop on the campus while the tourists kodaked him. And maybe you don't think there was a seal-brown feeling of dejection in those parts when Skjarsen struck! Well, wait a minute. That's what I'm going to tell you about. You can't expect me to jump right into the high speed from a standstill. I'd kill my engine if I did.

I give Bost the credit for exhuming Skjarsen from the backwoods. Bost, you remember, was our wizard coach. We took him away from Hambletonian College for five thousand dollars a year and eat with the Faculty, and he went from us to Washagain on a five-year contract—he guaranteed to produce five hundred points a year with a bonus of ten dollars extra for each extra point and a rebate of ten dollars for each point less than five hundred. He's a great man now, but it was with us that he got his start. When we got him our team was in awful shape. No trainers, no special cars, no private houses and automobiles for the stars—regular town lot football. Used to call the candidates out after school began and teach them how to catch a football—used to burn a barn every time we held the State Normal down to twenty points. We were sure beginners in the art, but Bost changed that in no time.

To begin with, he brought five men with him to school—ran them down to the registrar's office from the train, entered them full classical with guitar extras and then hustled them out to the football field. They were in football clothes when they arrived, and ten minutes after they got into town they were running signals. They weighed two hundred apiece and the rest had to hustle to keep from getting stepped on. Two days later Skrimger came down from Minnehaha—said the air was bad for him up there—and entered our school. He made the all-southeastern Minnesota team the year before, you will remember. Then Snooks came over from the Norman school, and Bost went to visit his brother in Wisconsin and brought back two halfbacks who looked pained and sheepish when they did the hundred in anything over even figures. It wasn't a week before we had a team of consolidated moguls that could have bucked a battleship turret back into the fighting mast. But we were still shy a fullback. That was when Bost found Skjarsen.

I remember he went away one day and came back the next morning with him. Found him in the Wisconsin woods chopping down pine trees for thirty dollars a month and alleged board, and persuaded him that a college education would increase his output of logs one hundred per cent. a year. When Skjarsen landed he wore boots stuffed with trousers, yarn socks and feet, and the rest of his clothes had come over in the steerage with him. Whether they had ever come off of him since was a little doubtful. He talked a little English, chiefly through his shoulder-blades from the sound, and his education was what you might call sub-primary. He could count money up to a dollar and could spend it up to a quarter if he had able assistance, and he could write a little in funny crow's tracks with bull's-eyes over the tops of the letters. He matriculated in art and I believe he specialized in burntwood—kept the grate fire going in the art school parlor. He was the queerest specimen that ever struck Siwash, and we had to fight the professor of anthropology to keep him from annexing Ole and putting him in his museum.

But what I am telling you about was Ole's football. Sakes alive, how that man could play football! I don't know how Bost ever found out that he had talent. I sometimes think he had every two hundred pounder in the country catalogued. Anyway, he harnessed Ole up in a new suit and drove him out to the stadium, and the first day settled it. Ole took to the game like a clean kid to a coal bucket. He caught spirals on the run after the first night, and when you socked the ball into his gizzard with a hollow plunk it stayed there until the captain told him to loosen up. He could run as fast as a deer and as low as a bull-snake, and when he hit the line—well, I played scrub guard for a month that season and I used to wonder in a dazed sort of way, after Ole had passed over me, how many feet that man had. I've counted as many as eighteen heelmarks on my anatomy after one session under him. You simply couldn't stop him. He had a way of putting his head down between his knees and smashing sideways into the line, and when you tackled him successfully the only result was you wished you hadn't. He ran stiff-legged about as fast as the other way, and more than once I've gone down the field streaming after Ole like the tail of a kite, hating to dangle in the air and yet not caring to let go until I found a soft spot to plough up with my face. I would rather stop automobiles any day. You don't have to hang on to an automobile after it runs over you.

The first game we played Ole in he was still green and we had an awful time trying to get him to stop when he had made a touchdown. The goal line didn't mean anything to him. Neither did the fence, for that matter. He broke through on the first play, ran the length of the field, hurdled the fence and we had to catch him by automobile. We only played half our men on the field the rest of that game. We kept the other half behind the goal line to head off Ole. That kept our score down some, but, after Ole had learned the game, these little complications disappeared. The second game we beat Millersburg 73 to 0, and after that Bost put in a cash register and rang up touchdowns and goal kicks on the side lines until his fingers ached. One hundred points a game was easy for us by November. On Thanksgiving Day we met our old rivals from Kiowa, and, when we finally haltered Ole that night and led him into the training quarters, we figured that he had traveled ten miles that afternoon, mostly over Kiowa players and with never less than two of them hanging to his legs. It was a most salubrious occasion. It wasn't a football game. It was a shuttle suburban service. The score was 127 to 0, and after the game the Kiowa team disbanded. Said they'd be hanged if they'd act as a training track for a Scandinavian short-horned bull. Maybe we didn't feel good! We had never beaten them before.

After that there was simply nothing to it. To use the twenty-million-dollar joke that Vanderbilt thought up, we were the hard-boiled eggs of the whole Northwest. You couldn't beat us, you couldn't stop us; you were mighty lucky if you could keep out from under us. It got so that when one of our backs got tackled and stopped he had to make a written explanation, just as if he had cut classes. The second year we cleaned up all Minnesota and went as far East as our carfare held out, standing the prides of a dozen universities on their ears in the hard November soil. We were the original human battering-rams, the animated pile-drivers, the educated catapults of the Northwest. The runt of the team was six feet two and the biggest man on the squad, old Van Isewaggon, was so massive that you couldn't get a full view of him at close range. You had to get off a little distance and get a perspective. The boys looked ponderous enough in their street clothes, but when they togged out in their inflated pants, padded jerseys, corrugated skin armor, gondola shoes, rubber prows for their noses and leather kettles for their heads, and came rumbling down the field to abuse a bunch of pale-haired scholars from somewhere East, you would have thought that they were a bunch of steam rollers decked out for a Juggernaut festival. Many's the time, when I was playing back on the scrubs—I generally stuck on the squad for several weeks in the fall before my ribs gave out—and old Van Isewaggon burst through the line and came thundering down the field five yards at a lope, I would have given anything to be allowed to go out in the jungle and tackle a young rhinoceros by the hindleg instead of tackling Van. All we scrubs could do with those backs was to watch our chance and throw ourselves squarely in front of them. Then, if the runner happened to catch his toe in our ribs we could trip him and interfere with him until five or six other scrubs could catch him and ascend him from the rear. It was hard on ribs but glorious for Siwash's medical school. The hospital was enlarged twice that fall and the clinics got a wide reputation.

But among all the giants Ole Skjarsen was the prize monument. He wasn't as tall as Van Isewaggon or as broad in the beam as Tubbs. In fact, he was a trifle undersized. He could get through most of the doors on the campus without scraping off his hat. But he was built like a gladiator and, shades of Barney Oldfield, how he could travel when he wanted to get somewhere! He was made of steel springs, India-rubber and compressed air, and all he needed to make a racing automobile out of himself was a little louder exhaust and a number. Time and time again, when "Tiny" Jensen socked the ball into his stomach and turned him loose, I have seen him lay the defense out in as neat a furrow as you could turn with a hundred-ton snow plow and never even hesitate on his way to the goal line. He never tired, he never got hurt. I don't believe a locomotive on a track could have kept a much more regular schedule than Ole did between goal posts during most of the games that we played that year. He was such a phenomenon that the Eastern grand mogul of critics gave him a substitute position on the seventh All-America team—and that's a great compliment to pay a Western man, for "All-America" ends at the Hudson River generally.

I forgot to tell you about Jensen, our quarter. Jensen was the only small man on the team. We called him the *Mahout*, and the way he ran those elephants through signal practice would have won him a job in the navy drilling battleships in close formation.

Those were glorious days for old Siwash. All fall we would pile up figures against the big schools like captains of finance figuring out bond issues. Then we would go through the winter and spring in a sort of Elysian haze, worshiping our heroes and pointing them out on the horizon to open-mouthed visitors from other colleges. Of course, our fame didn't do a thing but swell the freshman classes clear out of shape. The new ones began coming in train loads—athletes, millionaires' sons, pretty boys from the East, descendants of Senators, Governors and magazine characters. I'll tell you it was rich picking for the fraternities. All of us built big houses and, by the end of the third year, we were so congested with celebrities that the college directory read like a junior Who's Who. Yes, yes, I'm coming to the strike, all right. Can't you let me get the scenery set?

Well, good things can't last forever. The third year Bost coached us we beat everything between the Rocky Mountains and the dead-line in the East beyond which no college curriculum teaches United States geography. That spring seven of our stars graduated in art at the request of the Faculty. That took fifteen hundred pounds—three-quarters of a ton—right out of the vitals of the team. Tubbs didn't come back for the last semester, one halfback got conditioned in theology or bag punching, I don't remember which, and on top of it all old Van Isewaggon was persuaded by the authorities of one of the bigger schools that their course in advanced banjo was far better than ours and yielded bigger net dividends. As a result, the next fall when college opened, of all the monoliths who had scrunched their way to glory the year before just one turned up—Ole Skjarsen, with his carpet bag, a new celluloid collar and more yellow hair than ever. Still we didn't worry much. As long as Ole could roam through a mass-meeting of frenzied athletes with a football under his arm as easily as a locomotive could roam through a bunch of gnats we didn't feel like retiring from the football planet. We were middling happy until Bost burst into training quarters late in the afternoon of matriculation day with a face as white as chalk and gasped out the horrible news that Skjarsen wasn't coming out that fall.

Say, if you want to know how we felt, go seat yourself on a cake of giant powder and touch yourself off. For about a minute we were busy gathering up the remains of the universe. Then we all repeated:

"Not coming out! But what's he here for?"

"He says he's going in for a degree," whispered Bost, falling up against a tackling dummy and holding on, tight. He was all in.

"Oh, pshaw," said Belcher, a candidate for guard, who weighed a hundred and sixty-seven, "he'll be out all right. You'll have to talk to him a while, that's all. Why, he couldn't get a degree in a thousand years."

But it seemed that he could, after all. He had been studying hard and passing exams. We found it all out the next day when we went around to plead with him. Plead with him! You might as well have tried to blarney a steam shovel into coming up out of a stone quarry and going walking. Ole was a man of few words. He had to file his English off bit by bit, and that made him economical. He made us understand, however, in his queer corduroy dialect, that he had stopped playing football; that he had no interest in football; that he had forgotten what the game was like. Then he managed, with some difficulty, to convey to us the idea that he was paying room rent for the space we were occupying and that our company did not represent an adequate return on the investment. So we took our hats and went away.

Outside of the house some of us leaned up against it and cried. There was Hopkinsville, three weeks away, with three two-hundred-pound backs and thirsting for revenge; there was Muggledorfer, already running up century scores on the door-mat schools around her; there was Kiowa, with four new traction engines added to her rooting brigade and three long and bumpy years to sponge off the slate. And there we were, the object of their combined designs and without an old man on the team. Bost had been too busy working with his portable pyramids during the past three years to pay any attention to the scrubs. We were green as grass with all the world waiting to make foot-tracks on our frames. And upstairs the wonder fullback of the world was sitting in an old plush-covered armchair, studying books and getting the habit! Ugh!

I suppose you've read in the Bible where they turned off the sun in Egypt for a few weeks and sort of let the world feel its way around. Well, that was us at Siwash for the next few days. If you'd ever been King for three years and then suddenly discovered that you were overdue on a hostler's job in the royal stables; if you'd been brought up to think that money was made to load up in a wheelbarrow and swap for automobiles and then found yourself trying to trade the wheelbarrow for a meal ticket—then you could realize how we felt at Siwash. College life is short, you see. We had been champions almost through one college generation, and we students couldn't get used to the idea that life could be sustained without other college teams to lunch on. Of course we practiced like fiends, we scrubs, but pshaw! We were jokes. You could have broken our line with Shanghai roosters. We didn't have a hope. We had gloom parties every night and shiver socials every morning when we read the dope columns on Millersburg's buzz-saw formation and Kiowa's yarra-yarra yell. And every day that Kiowa game got nearer.

"'No, I Tenk Not,' He Said, Sort of Sad; 'I Ent Play Futball Des Yar'"

We were seated in the lounging-room of the Eta Bita Pie chapter house, four days out on our journey to oblivion, when Petey Simmons came in, one room at a jump. Petey was a steam-heated little chap who was one of the tall buildings in college life at that time. He was assistant treasurer of the athletic association, leader of the banjo club, member of the Clavicle and Sesamoid, our famous senior club, and author of the famous "Blg Blg Bjla" song with which we made ninety yards and a touchdown against Kiowa in the fall of '99. The only thing that could go on in college without Petey was the cottage prayer meeting among the theologs, and he knew about everything worth knowing long before it happened.

It was plain to be seen that Petey had blasted out a pretty big run of information from the way he dove over the furniture on his way to the gang. "Sa-ay," he said, with his eyes looking like a pair of binoculars, "I've found out what ails Skjarsen!"

"So have we all," said Burke, unhooking his bulldog pipe from his face. "His brains and his body have parted."

"Shut up," said Petey, kicking him. "This is the real information, fellows: Skjarsen wants to join a frat!"

"Join a FRAT!" gurgled four or five of us, preliminary to fainting away. "Doesn't he want to go to the Astor ball, too!" Oh, this was rich! To think of Skjarsen, built like a Texas steer and dressed like a cotton bale, rolling down to Saturday night cotillon. We laughed the first real laughs in four days.

"Cut it," said Petey grimly. "Fellows, this is the most serious thing you ever heard of. Skjarsen does want to join a frat. If he does join a frat he'll play football. If he doesn't he'll go on studying botany. It's up to us frat men in college to say whether or not Kiowa will use us for a door-mat with the welcome side up."

That was like getting in range when the hose burst. We sobered down fast enough while Petey told his story.

"I just thought I could corkscrew something out of Skjarsen," said he, "so I went over to see him again to-day, alone. He was in that grocery-box room of his, with his shoes off, reading Somebody's Short Souses in English Literature. 'Skjarsen,' says I, 'what's the matter, old head? I'm your friend and you're my friend and I feel awful bad about this football business. Is it anything I can help you about?' says I. And it's true about me being his friend, too, because once last spring I walked up to class with him and borrowed half a dollar from him.

"Well, sir, he just tumbled beautifully. 'No, I tenk not,' he said, sort of sad; 'I ent play futball des yar.'

"I felt like saying 'Any fool can see that.' But instead, I reached down in my pocket, friendly like. 'It isn't—er—anything connected with money, is it, Ole?' says I. 'You know your friends would be glad to help you—just a loan, you know—pay it back when the Panama Canal's finished.'

"'No, it ent ban munney,' said Ole. 'I got hunder dollar des yar. I ban flush.'

"'Then what in thunder is it, Ole?' says I, leaning forward very confidentially.

"'Vell, I tal you,' says Ole. 'I ban strike.'

"'Strike!' I says, with a sort of snort of astonishment. 'What do you mean, Ole?'

"It was Ole's turn to get impressive. He leaned over and laid his forefinger on my knee. It looked like a coupling pin. 'I ban strike becaus I ent sucker eny more,' he said firmly.

"'Go ahead,' I said. 'Unless this is a puzzle party.'

"'I ban in college t'ree yar,' said Ole. 'First yar ve beat Millerburg. Dey all say, "Ole, you ban bully faller." Next yar I make touchdown by Muggledorfer. Dey elect Rogers keptin of team and Bill Allen pres'dent of class, and Peters he ban college marshal, and dey say by me, "Ole, you ban bully faller." T'ird yar I kick four goal by Kiowy, make sax touchdown by Hopkinville and make hunder-yard run wit' ball by Minneapolis. Everybody else on team dey gets joined by fraternity and go by dances and banqvets and have fine time, and dey all say by me: "Ole, you ban bully faller." I ent ban bully faller eny more. It ent pay.'

"'But Ole,' I said, 'the whole school loves you. You're the greatest man in the world. We'll elect you president of the class or any old thing you want, if you say the word.'

"'So?' said Ole, getting interested.

"I was in for it, but I didn't care. 'Sure, Maria,' I said. 'Ole, you're on for anything you name. We never did anything for you because you was such a modest fellow, you know. Didn't look like a chap that would appreciate brass-band obligatos. Now, you just name it and we'll pay the freight.'

"'Well,' said Ole decidedly, 'I tenk I skoll join by a fraternity.'

"'But, Ole!' says I, after I had gotten my breath, 'you're not a frat man. You don't care for girls and society and all that frivolity. And you know nobody has any control over the elections of a college fraternity. They have to vote you in unanimously by secret ballot, and you're so—er—sort of different, you know, that maybe some of the dudes wouldn't like you.'

"'Oll right,' says Ole, 'I ent care much 'bout playing futball enyway.'

"Blamed if I could do a thing with the old Viking. He is going to join a fraternity or warm that old plush chair of his all fall while we make a noise like a wood-block pavement under Kiowa. I tried to tell him that the butterfly life of a frat man would hurt his constitution, but he wouldn't listen. He wants to join a fraternity and go to all the dances, meet the pretty girls, eat ice cream and wear exaggerated clothes. He says he's got a hundred dollars to spend this year and he's tired of being left out in the cold. He's struck and he's got us just where he wants us. And so, fellows, I made an awful bluff. I said, 'Ole, if you're elected to a fraternity will you play football against Kiowa?'

"'Ja,' he said enthusiastically. 'Kin yu do et to-night?'

"'No,' says I, 'not to-night nor to-morrow night nor next week, you old tow-headed pirate. But, if you play football, you'll be a frat man.' And now, fellows, it's up to the fraternities of this university. We've been made prosperous by its glory. Are we going to sit around here and let Kiowa wipe us off the earth or are we going to make a sacrifice for our dear old school and take in this high-speed mountain of meat for a brother? It's up to us, fellows."

It was Nothing to the Job of Walking Around Beside a White-Eyebrowed Leviathan in High-Water Trousers

The result of it all was that there was a meeting the next day in the lounging-rooms of our lodge. It was attended by representatives of every fraternity in school. There was Frankling, of the Alfalfa Delts, whose father owned a locomotive works in the East, and Randolph, of the Delta Kappa Sonofaguns, who had been to Europe four times and hated this country in the summer, and Brewster, of the Chi Yi Sighs, who hoped next year to give a cotillon that would make the Sigh Whoopsilon's annual look like a barn dance. All of these social calcium lights with a dozen more sat around with the air of men who were about to take a large quinine pill, and discussed the situation.

There didn't seem to be much to discuss. There wasn't any help for it. Skjarsen would either join a fraternity or Kiowa would desiccate us. The latter was impossible—the former was horrible. Skjarsen would fit in with the general scheme of things in a thirty-thousand-dollar fraternity lodge, infested with sons of the idle rich, as a comic supplement would ornament the Louvre. But we were game. We voted to assimilate Skjarsen and then called for volunteers.

"What fraternity will make this glorious sacrifice for the good of the Uni?" asked Frankling, the chairman, in alluring tones.

Everybody made a noise like a marble sarcophagus.

"I move we all rush him and let him take his choice," piped up little Billings, of the Delta Flushes, who hadn't taken a man away from another frat for three years.

We made patterns on Billings with our heels—that is, the Eta Pies and Sigh Whoopsilons and Delta Kap representatives did. Some of the other frats liked the proposition because it was about as safe for them as it was for the Delta Flushes. In the end we compromised by voting to leave it to chance. A representative from each frat was to draw a card from a nice new deck and the three which drew the highest cards were to go around next day and propose to Ole. Then he could take his choice.

I hope I never get into a more solemn or breath interfering occasion than that lottery. One after another the boys drew cards. The Delta Flush man came first. He drew a jack and turned a beautiful pea-green. The Sigh Whoopsilon man got a deuce and tried to look as if, after all, it wasn't much luck. Get some one to leave you a million and try to look bored about it. You'll succeed as well as he did. I drew a queen, and I hope no lady ever got a more ungracious reception anywhere. In the end our frat and the Alfalfa Delts and the Chi Yi's were elected. The others went away trying to look solemn and leaking satisfaction at every pore, while we three condemned wretches sat around, feeling as if we had drawn black beans in a Mexican lynching party, and planned out the campaign.

There wasn't much to plan. We just agreed to go over to Ole's the next day, one after another, make our very best talk and let him do the rest. The quicker the better. It would mean more practice for the football team, and besides, there is no use putting off having a tooth pulled or anything of the kind. Each one of us pledged himself to put up his very best rushing talk and then to let Nature take its course.

I went over to see Ole late the next afternoon and met Frankling coming away. He looked sort of dish-raggy and for a minute I had hopes. But he doused them. "Gosh," said he, holding on to me for support, "I thought I was going to get him right off the reel. He seemed to know what a snap it would be to join the Alfalfa Delts. Honest, I was scared to death. I made him take a few days to consider. Flushing was here for the Chi Yi's a while ago, and he claims that Ole accepted him as soon as he started and that he had to back him off with both hands. Flushing is an awful liar, though."

Ole wasn't sitting in his old plush chair when I found him. He was shining his shoes and happiness was just caked all over him. I drew him to me and as gently as I could I explained that the Eta Bita Pies had always loved him—that they felt him to be a congenial soul and an honor to any fraternity—that unanimously they had elected him to membership and now wished to ask him to be one of them. Ole listened without batting an eye. That made me sort of sore. I was determined that no Alfalfa Delt was going to make my rushing talk sound cheap, so I lit in on the general fraternity. We're strong on the general fraternity talk. I explained to Ole that in choosing his fraternity he must consider not only the local chapter but the national society; that we were the strongest fraternity in the country, with the most chapter houses and the finest chapters; that we had more Congressmen and Senators and United States judges and other political specimens than any other two frats—that if a man was an Eta Bita Pie it was twice as easy for him to be Governor—no trick at all, in fact. We all did it.

I guess I overdid the thing. Ole began coming over in bunches. "I tenk you ban fine fallers," said he, reaching for my hand.

I threw on the reverse in a hurry. "Now, Ole," says I, backing around him, "we want you very badly, but you must make your own choice. I know you are popular and other fraternities are after you. Far be it from Eta Bita Pie to depend upon mere first impressions to win its men," I remarked grandly. "Think it over. Let the others rush you. We are confident. We want you, but we want you after the others have tried to get you. Think it over carefully. Take two or three days."

"All das is juist what other fallers said," remarked Ole pensively. He had a cussed long memory. "I ent know," he continued slowly. "You ban gude fallers, you Baked Pies. I lak your shapter hause. I tenk I vould lak tu live by it."

I felt a little cold wave sidling up and down my spinal column.

"Dem Alfalfas bin better-lukin' fallers and more stylish," continued Ole, still musing. "I lak dem, tu."

I didn't seem to care much for that. The Alfalfa Delts at that time were a snobbish bunch.

"Dose Ki Yi boys dey ent so stylish as you fallers, but dey got more sense, I tenk," continued Ole.

Talk about frank and open conversation! I was getting red behind the collar.

"I lat you know in a few days," said Ole. "I tenk I go play futball now."

I escaped and Ole appeared that night for signal practice. You never saw such joy as there was on the campus. Strong men wept into each other's hats when they saw Ole. The rest of the squad were a wabble-jointed bunch, but they braced up with Ole in the back field and tore through the scrubs as if they were paper men. Oh, he was a wonder, Ole was. There he was, first day out in the fall—hot day, too—parading up and down the field with a regular regalia of scrubs hung around him and not even perspiring audibly. A million tons went off our hearts that night, and most of us wrote home to our dads for money with which to complete our biological equipment. We wanted some of those Odds that Kiowa was so brash with.

Ole came out the next day and wore a little trail between the two goal posts. He came out the day after and sent two collar-bones over to the medical school to be spliced. The next day was his pledge day. We decided to go in a body, we three, after football practice, and see who got the black bean, but, when we arrived at the Stadium, there was old General Consternation parading around again. Ole hadn't come out.

It was up to us three and we made a dive for Ole's roost. We found him visiting with a ginger-haired junior, named Simpkins. Simpkins had failed to make a frat in his freshman year by an awful majority, and instead of acting nice about it and keeping out of things, he had had the face to butt in, until he was now president of the junior class, college marshal, editor of the junior annual, and goodness knows what all. He was very obnoxious and a nasty politician. I smelled trouble. He rose to go as we entered and I thought I saw the tail end of a smile chasing itself around behind his ears.

"Well, Ole," Frankling remarked when we had gotten rid of Simpkins, "where's the shank pads and the head gear? The whole college is waiting to see you tip over that scrub team again."

"I ent play any more," said the old straw-thatched imbecile cheerfully.

"You ain't!" snorted Frankling. "Don't you want to join a frat then?"

"Naw, I ent care, I gass," said Ole. I felt despair and relief having a knock-down and drag-out in my system.

"Why not?" demanded Frankling.

"I gass it ent so much fun," said Ole indifferently. "I ent see so much tu it."

"Take another look, you idiot," says I, cutting in. I didn't want Frankling to do all the cussing. It might prejudice Ole against him if we won him back. "Can't you see how much fun it is for a bunch of good fellows to live together and go around together and have parties and get canned out of college together? It's great, old man."

"Most times you rush a faller," said Ole carelessly. "I tenk mebbe it ban fun den. I ent care much."

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It Looked Like the Colossus, but it wasn't. It was Ole Skjarsen. He was Clad in Full Football Armor

THE AMERICAN GAME HOG

Fish and Game Preservation in the United States and Canada

By Elliott Flower

IN THE summer of 1907 a party of ten or twelve Chicago sports—not sportsmen, as this story will show—went to a lake in Northern Wisconsin to do a little fishing. And the fishing was good. It was evidently the right season, the right lake, and they were certainly guided to the right spot in that lake. They were so successful that they chartered a farm wagon to haul away the fish, and a summer resident, who saw this wagon on one of its trips, assured me that the boxes of fish, prepared for shipment, were piled two deep the entire length and width of the wagon-box. He estimated that this one party shipped away a thousand game fish.

"And a little more of that sort of thing," he complained, "will put this lake in the has-been class."

Yet that sort of thing is going on at many of the Wisconsin lakes, and some of them would certainly be in "the has-been class" now were it not for the fact that the Fish Commission is, and has been, busily engaged in restocking them. Indeed, some of them are virtually "fished out," in spite of all the precautions taken for the preservation of the sport.

There are, of course, laws that are meant to curb the operations of these fish hogs, and there are men to enforce the laws; but in the case I have mentioned these laws were twice broken; first, by catching and retaining more than a lawful "day's catch," and second, by shipping away more than the law permits. It is extremely probable that the provision requiring that fish under a certain size or weight shall be returned to the water was also ignored, for the fish hog is a notorious offender in this respect; but I have no evidence on that point. However, the laws—and the Wisconsin laws are generous to fishermen—were flagrantly violated in two particulars, and there were no arrests.

The summer residents and the natives, although somewhat accustomed to fish hogs, were much incensed when they heard of this affair, and the proprietor of the hotel at which the party stopped announced that he would never again have accommodations for any member of it. But they had their "sport," in spite of the law, and got away with the spoils. I could not help wondering how they did it, so I made some inquiries.

How Wardens and Laws are Beaten

IT WAS not difficult. The game and fish wardens of Wisconsin have big districts to cover, and they receive very little assistance in the enforcement of the law. The average American seems to feel that "it is none of his business" what other people do, so long as they stop short of highway robbery. He may wax indignant over what is done, but he is disposed to leave the work of prevention and punishment wholly to those who are paid for doing it. In this case the warden happened to be in another part of the district, and no one took the trouble to send him any word. So the offenders were quite safe in keeping all the fish that they could haul into their boats, provided they used reasonable caution and did not proclaim their exploits too loudly.

In the matter of shipments there was also little trouble. The Wisconsin law provides that not more than twenty pounds of fish may be shipped out of the State by any one person in any one week, but there is nothing to prevent the shipment of any amount of fish *to* any one person. To illustrate, let us say that a man of the name of John Jones was a member of this Chicago party; that, using his own name, he shipped his twenty pounds of fish to Mrs. John Jones; that, using another name, he shipped her another twenty pounds; and that, using still another name, he shipped her a third box of fish. So far as the tags are concerned this would be all right; the only danger would be that several shipments to one person might arouse suspicion and result in an investigation. With respect to that, a good deal would depend upon the express agent; some agents are complaisant and some are particular. However, John Jones might easily guard against that danger by making his various shipments, under different names, to neighbors and friends.

A Criminal Waste of Good Fish

OF COURSE, a lone fisherman could hardly do this without detection, but the members of a party of uncertain size, so far as the agent was concerned, could easily do it. At any rate, this Chicago party certainly shipped more boxes of fish than there were members of the party, and the lake in question could not stand much fishing of that kind.

Now let me transfer the scene to Canada.

A party of eight Americans went up into the Georgian Bay district of Ontario to do a little fishing. They chartered a tug to tow their boats to the chosen fishing grounds, and, on the way, indulged in the delightful American pastime of betting. Each backed himself to bring in more fish than any one else in the party—not the largest fish, but the largest number of fish of all sizes. A bet on the largest fish would have involved no violation of the law, but the bets they made were virtually as to who could put the biggest crimp in it, for it was a foregone conclusion that every member of the party would bring in more and smaller fish than is legally permitted. The Canadian law is far less liberal than the laws of most of the States on this side of the line, and it is no trick at all to bring in the full number allowed for a day's fishing. Canada is willing that you should have the sport of catching as many as you wish, but she expects you to return immediately to the water all the small ones and all others in excess of the specified number. Canada is also very particular about the shipping of fish, and her regulations with respect to this are not so easily evaded as they were in the Wisconsin case. There was in these bets, therefore, not only a deliberate intention to break the law, but also the certainty of a criminal waste of good fish. After the bets were decided most of the fish were left to rot.

Now, this is not an isolated case. Canada has seen a good deal of that kind of "sport," and the Canadians do not like it. Further, the Canadians charge that the Americans are almost the only offenders, practically all others showing a proper respect for the law. The average American, they say, is a sport, and not a sportsman; he puts a blight upon whatever region he "favors" with his presence; he is selfishness incarnate, giving no thought to the future or the rights of others; he is a "hog" whose wastefulness has already done infinite harm in his own country and now threatens the game and fish of Canada.

This is a pretty serious arraignment, and it is almost an official one. Not only is it a matter of common gossip in those districts most frequented by Americans, but, also, the subject has been presented for official consideration and action. According to the Canadian Annual Review for 1907, Sir John Boyd, who has a summer place at Georgian Bay, brought this menace to the attention of the Georgian Bay Fishery Commission, and urged that "a license fee of ten dollars a rod be imposed upon Americans coming into Georgian Bay to fish." This would be five times the present license fee, and the sole reason given for advocating such an increase was "the non-compliance by American anglers with the regulations respecting the number of fish to be caught by an individual." In his address to the Commission he told something of American methods, and said that, as a result of them, far more fish than could possibly be used were caught and, after being counted for the glorification of the successful fisherman, most of them would be left on the rocks to rot.

A similar charge was made by Edward Harris in an article on fishing conditions in Ontario, published in the Toronto Mail and Empire and later recorded in the Canadian Annual Review. He said, among other things, that the fisheries were being destroyed for the benefit of Americans.

Both of the incidents here given are merely typical; if this were not so they would be worthy of little attention. I shall have to admit, of course, that the Wisconsin case is exceptional in so far as the wholesale character of the operations of the party is concerned, but violations of the law are many and flagrant. There is the case of one man who would bring in as many as fifteen muskellunge. Meanwhile, the State Fish Commission is spending much money in repairing the damage done by the fish hogs. In effect, Wisconsin is paying for the sport of these sports, and it is finding it extremely difficult to restock some of the most accessible lakes fast enough to overcome the devastation wrought by the "hogs." Indeed, in some cases, it has been found necessary to prolong the closed season in order to give the fish a chance. And, as before stated, Wisconsin is so liberal with fishermen that there is no possible excuse for ignoring the very proper and necessary restrictions that are placed upon them.

Laws Making Fishing a Sport

A COMPARISON of the laws of the two countries will show this liberality, and may even prove that we are unnecessarily and unwisely liberal on this side of the line. For the purposes of this comparison I shall consider conditions and methods on both sides of the line in the Middle West—say, Wisconsin and Ontario, both of which have innumerable lakes and rivers. And this will be giving Uncle Sam a little the best of it, for Wisconsin is far more careful of her fish than are her neighbors, Minnesota and Michigan.

It is the clear intent of the laws, even when not specifically so stated, that the taking of game fish shall be considered as a sport, and not as a commercial enterprise. It is for this purpose that shipments are limited and the sale of such fish either restricted or entirely forbidden. Therefore, the ostensible purpose of the laws, in the interests of the preservation of fish and fishing, is to limit the size of the "catch" to what the fisherman and his party may have

reasonable use for, with a small margin for shipment to whomsoever he may wish to favor with such evidence of his success.

Wisconsin thinks that fifteen bass a day should satisfy him, and it certainly ought to; for, if a non-resident, he is allowed to ship away no more than twenty pounds a week. Residents are not thus limited when shipping to points within the State, but it is required that "shipments be accompanied by shipper from point of shipment to place of destination," and the provision that "it is unlawful to have over fifteen of any black bass, Oswego bass or yellow bass in possession at any one time" is in itself a restriction so far as these fish are concerned. I find no such restriction as to other game fish, except that one shall have no more than ten pounds of trout at one time, but bass and trout are the fish usually sought in Wisconsin waters. In the matter of size, it is unlawful to retain pike of less than one pound, black bass of less than ten inches, or trout of less than six inches.

Surely these provisions are not so onerous as to justify one in breaking the law, even if Michigan and Minnesota are more liberal. As a matter of fact, from the point of view of fish preservation, there is something rather farcical in some of the Michigan and Minnesota enactments. Michigan, for instance, puts the limit of a day's catch at fifty fish, and provides that no fisherman shall have in his possession more than one hundred at any one time. There are less liberal regulations for some localities, where the conditions call for more stringent protective measures; but, even where the day's catch is limited to twenty-five fish, it would seem as if the fisherman could take all that he can use without violating the law, especially as he is prohibited from shipping any outside the State. In the matter of size, bass must be eight inches or over, and trout seven inches or over.

The Canadian's Respect for the Law

MINNESOTA is less liberal than Michigan in one particular and more liberal in another; the limit of a day's catch is twenty-five fish, but the non-resident may take fifty pounds away with him. Bass or trout, to be retained, should be six inches in length. Rather small for bass, it would seem.

Now let us turn to Ontario, where a day's catch is eight black bass of not less than ten inches or ten pounds of brook trout. (I am using bass and trout for the purposes of comparison because of their popularity as game fish and because they are found in the waters of all the districts mentioned.) Sale or export is prohibited, except that a non-resident may take home with him the lawful catch of two days' fishing.

So far as the protection of game fish is concerned it will be seen that Ontario has a big advantage in her laws, and this advantage is further increased by the enforcement of the laws. In some measure, this latter advantage is due to Canadian respect for law as opposed to American contempt for it. I do not mean, of course, that there are no Canadian law-breakers, but the general spirit is not only of obedience to the law, but also even extends to assistance in the enforcement of it.

I had a chance to observe this last summer, when I went with a party made up in part of Canadians and in part of Americans to the Temagami Forest Reserve. We could hardly have had a greater incentive, from the point of view of a fish "hog," to violation of the law. The fishing was excellent, and we were three portages away from Lake Temagami, to which the majority of fishermen coming into that district confine their operations. We were, so far as we could see, absolutely alone on our chosen lake, except for one night, when a fire on the opposite shore told us of the brief stop of another camping party. However, we saw no member of it. As there were no roads, the only method of travel being by canoe or through the unbroken forest on foot, and as many miles of forest and lakes lay between our camp and the nearest town, we had every reason to believe we would be entirely undisturbed by game wardens. A fish "hog" could ask nothing better than the fishing and the isolation that were ours.

But the Canadians reminded us, very diplomatically and courteously, that there were certain laws covering the number and size of the fish that could be taken, and that it was the custom of the country to respect those laws. There were no fish "hogs" in our party, but the Canadian day's catch is so much less than is allowed in the States we had recently left that the inferential warning was wise. And that warning merely reflected the spirit that seemed to prevail throughout the Temagami Forest Reserve. The Canadians, and especially the natives of the district, are not satisfied with the fact that there is good fishing there now; they intend to see to it that there shall always be good fishing there, and, to this end, they take a personal interest in the enforcement of the law. They are careful to see that every stranger is advised of the regulations, and I noted that my Indian guide asked no questions about fish that he considered under size, but merely grunted "Him too small," and put it back in the water. Sometimes I thought he favored the fish at my expense, but, at any rate, he saw to it that I kept well within the law.

However, if our Canadian friends had been less particular we might have fared worse, for, in spite of our isolation, a game warden appeared suddenly in camp one day. I never knew where he came from—he may have come through the woods or he may have left his canoe somewhere along the shore—but he appeared unexpectedly in camp, and it was a fortunate thing that there was nothing there to which he could take exception.

The Handicaps of the American Warden

IT IS, of course, impossible to prevent some violation of the law, as the outcry at Georgian Bay demonstrates, and I have no doubt it receives occasional jolts in the Temagami district, especially in the vicinity of the hotels on Lake Temagami and Lady Evelyn Lake; but the conditions on that side of the line are certainly infinitely better than the conditions on our side. "You prove the case against yourselves," say the Canadians, "when you come to Canada to fish. If it were not for your extravagance, wastefulness and general shortsightedness you would have, nearer home, quite as good fishing as we can offer." And there seems to be some truth in this. The "hog" has certainly done much damage in our lake country, and he is still doing all that he can.

Wisconsin is far from being the only, or even the greatest, sufferer from his depredations: Michigan and Minnesota have quite as much trouble, and I have no doubt the same is true of most other States where there is much fishing. One does not have to leave Chicago to get evidence of what is being done in near-by waters: the boastful sports will tell him all about it, each basing his claim to distinction on his success in violating the law. Allowance must be made, of course, for the usual "fisherman's imagination," but enough is capable of proof to show the general conditions. It is a game, and not a sport, with these fellows—a game for points, to which the law and the wardens merely add zest. It seems to be a phase of *dementia Americana*—the ambition to beat somebody or something merely for the pleasure of boasting about it afterward. The happiest sport is the one who can have his picture taken with the biggest string of fish so that he can illustrate his self-glorifying tale. The photograph detail, however, is not so common as it was a few years ago; for it has happened that this desire for a picture has brought the infraction of the law to the notice of the authorities.

The explanation of these conditions is simple. First, from the viewpoint of the preservation of the fish, the law is almost farcical in some cases. Think of allowing a man fifty fish for a day's catch when money is being spent to replenish the depleted streams and lakes! And the inconsistency of allowing such a catch and prohibiting shipment out of the State! It puts a premium on waste. Second, the wardens usually have such big districts to cover that it is not a difficult matter for the fish "hog" to evade them. Indeed, even if he takes no precautions, the odds are very much in his favor. Third, American tolerance of lawbreaking is such that the warden probably receives less ass stance than the lawbreaker.

This last is a most important point. The warden, to be successful, must be a combination of both detective and scout; he must appear where he is least expected, and there are always many people to give warning of his appearance in any particular locality. He himself receives occasional tips, of course, but there seems to be a fascination in beating the law that leads most people to side with the law-breaker in a matter of this kind, and information as to where he was last seen is passed along from one to another. It follows, therefore, that he labors under a serious handicap. He keeps the fish "hog" somewhat nervous, because he has a way of appearing unexpectedly in even the most remote camps, but it is by watching the shipments of game and fish that he accomplishes the most. In this he is assisted, at least to some extent, by the railroads. While the railroads give much attention to exploiting the fishing and hunting along their lines, they are as deeply interested as any one in seeing that the law is obeyed, for there is much business for them in the continuation of good fishing and hunting. Their advantage lies in taking many sportsmen to the favored points—real sportsmen, rather than "hogs"—and their general policy is to maintain the conditions that prove alluring. They are even beginning to frown on the advertising picture that shows an unlawful catch, in spite of its appeal to those who like good fishing. Their agents at points of shipment are not always so particular as they might be, but the general policy is certainly to assist in the enforcement of the law.

Nevertheless, it is safe to say that only a small proportion of the violations of the law are actually discovered, and this means a very serious condition of affairs. There is nothing upon which to base even an estimate of the extent of the unlawful operations of the fish "hogs," but the fact that over twelve thousand pounds of fish were confiscated by the wardens of Minnesota alone, in one year, gives some idea of the magnitude of this menace to the sport. This takes no account of the illegal shipments that were made successfully or of the fish that were left to rot; it deals only with the comparatively few violations that were detected, and, except where it has to do with illegal *methods* of fishing, it means that the fishermen have exceeded the very liberal limit that the law sets. I have no figures for Wisconsin or Michigan; but, from what I have heard of individual instances of violation of the law, I have no doubt that the figures would be fully as startling as those for Minnesota. Indeed, the proximity of Chicago very likely would make them even more startling—not because the Chicago fish "hog" is any worse than others, but because Chicago, being the largest city in the vicinity, has more of them.

Big Game Laws More Easily Enforced

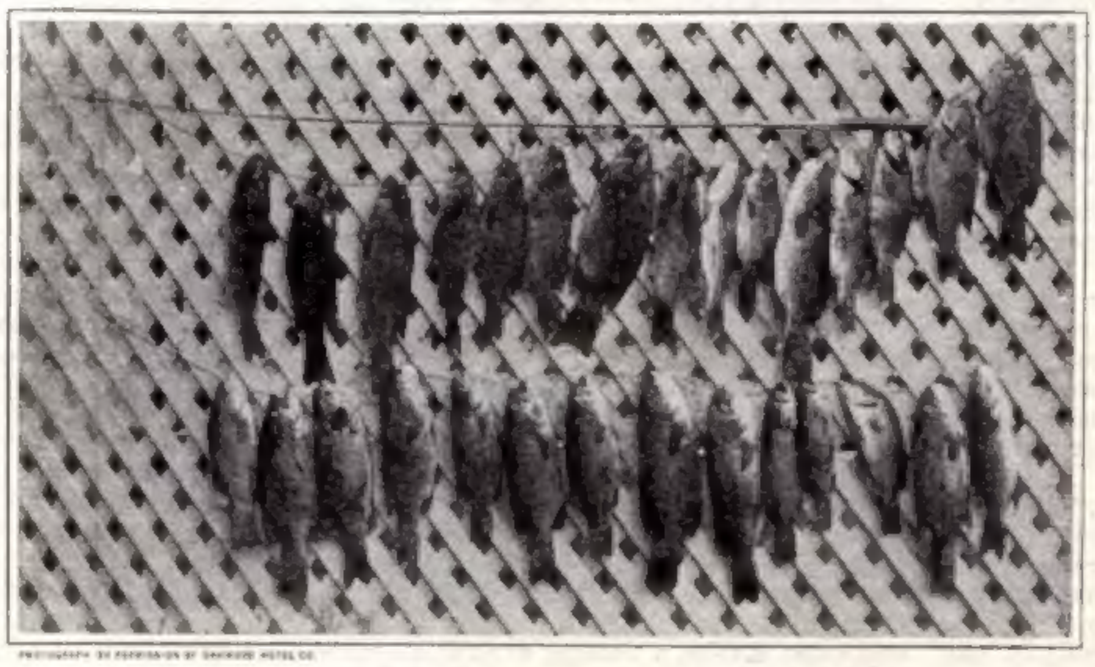
IN THE matter of big game protection there is less trouble in the States I have mentioned. The spirit of slaughter is just as strong, but it is much more difficult to violate the law successfully. For one thing, the laws are more stringent. Early laxity in this respect brought about a condition of affairs that compelled drastic action if the deer and other game animals of these localities were not to follow the buffalo into practical extinction.

The open season for deer in Wisconsin lasts only twenty days—in some localities only ten—and the limit for the individual hunter is two deer in one season. The law of Michigan is the same, except that in certain counties it has been found necessary to prohibit entirely the killing of deer for a few years. To give the moose, elk and caribou a chance it has been decreed that the closed season for them shall continue uninterruptedly until 1911. Minnesota has an open season of twenty days for deer, moose and caribou, and allows three deer, one moose and one caribou to the individual sportsman.

Ontario has an open season of fifteen days for deer, fifteen days for moose and caribou south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and one month for moose and caribou north of the main line of the railroad. The hunter is restricted to two deer or one bull moose or one bull caribou. In brief, with more game left, Ontario is still rather more careful than the States I have mentioned.

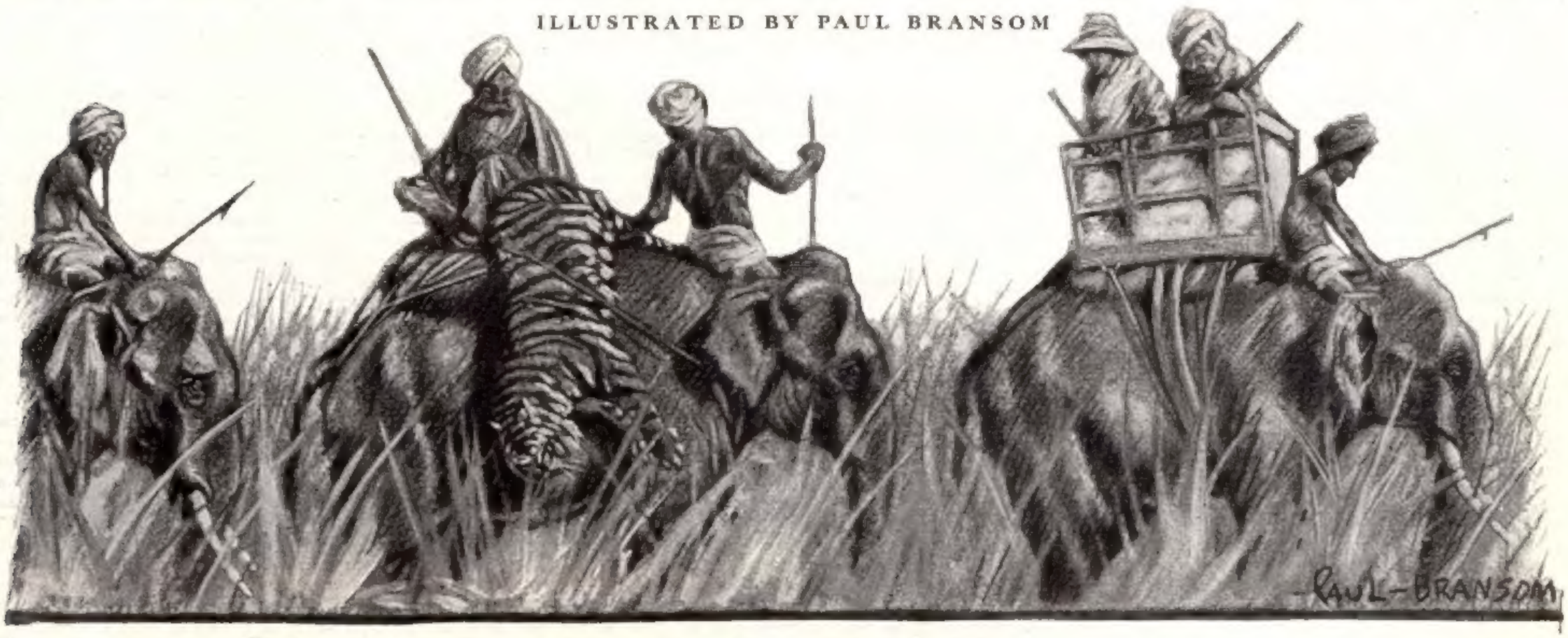
However, considering both the special and the general laws, it is evident that these States are giving close attention to the preservation of big game, and it may be said for them that the big game is more abundant in some localities now than it was a few years ago. There is the same spirit of law-defiance in hunting that there is in fishing, but I think a smaller proportion of the hunters of big game are of this desolating class, and, anyway, the big game laws are more easily enforced. There are many violations—Minnesota has confiscated as many as a hundred and five deer hides, fifty moose hides, twenty-four bundles of miscellaneous hides and ten moose heads in a single year—but they are nothing like so numerous or so serious as the violations of the fishing laws. It is

(Concluded on Page 25)



THE TIGER GOD—By W. A. Fraser

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM



V

ON THE third day of Yogi Byro's prophecy Major Finnerty, who had come down from his elephant-catching in the north for the four luxurious weeks of his annual hilarity in Calcutta, went on board the steamer Kohinoor to dine with the convivial captain.

It was a virile piece of feasting; and at ten o'clock, Captain Tremayne having dined himself into an attack of the "sleeping sickness," Finnerty, his giant strength holding its own against the libations, was pushed ashore in a native boat.

As he climbed the river-bank from the landing-stage a Celtic voice rang out, "Men of the Annie Boyle, line up on the starboard side of the road!" The Irishman threw his head up like one of his own war elephants, in his nostrils the glad odor of battle—indeed, he was primed for it. There in front two ships' crews faced each other in the way of a physical debate.

The shibboleth "Annie Boyle" was nationally sufficient to Finnerty; and as they clashed at the piping wail of a boatswain's whistle he entered soulfully into the riot. Blinded by the joy of strife, Finnerty was oblivious of a line of police that finally charged into the mob of battling sailors. All he was cognizant of was that clubs had got strangely mixed in the fight that was in all honor a matter of fists; so he fought on until laid out by the crack of a baton.

The police sergeant, a European, had come to stop the row, not to arrest sailors that were needed aboard their ships; so at his command the human débris was cleared away, hurried off in boats to the Annie Boyle or the other ship, and Finnerty, on the testimony of a boatman who had seen him land, was rowed back to where the Kohinoor swung from an iron buoy in the river.

It must have been the power of Yogi Byro's mystic influence that caused everything to happen just as it did. The native on watch had the big *sahib*, whom he recognized as having been on board for dinner, placed in a spare cabin, under the impression that he was a passenger who had drowned in strong drink his sorrow at leaving the "City of Palaces."

On the turn of the tide, an hour after midnight, the Kohinoor swung down by Garden Reach, old Mother Hoogly spewing her out to sea past the Sandheads at noon the next day. They were beyond all places of landing when Captain Tremayne discovered that Finnerty was aboard, for all the others were under the impression that the sleeping *sahib* was a willing passenger.

Captain Tremayne was five feet six, while the Major was six feet two; that's why the casually shanghaied *sahib* was forced to remain attired as he had gone aboard. A short, white mess jacket, wide purple *cummerbund*, white trousers and patent-leather pumps made up proper regalia for dinner in Calcutta, but unusual for a run by steamer to the jungles of the Mahanadi.

"Put me off at the first place we touch," Finnerty begged, when he came out of his stupor, "so that I can get back to Calcutta by boat, or rail, or balloon, or someway."

So in the forenoon of the next day the Captain slacked the Kohinoor to the landing at Gopal just long enough for Finnerty to spring ashore, Tremayne promising to hail the first steamer coming down the river to pick him up.

When the Kohinoor forged ahead and the lone *sahib* came stalking up the red road, like wildfire the word passed from lip to lip that Ganesa had sent one of the Twice-born, even as the Yogi had said; and Baboo Ghose and the others hastened to meet the embodied evidence of the favor of the gods. They literally carpeted the road with their bodies in one multitudinous salaam.

"These poor fellows afraid you not going to come, *sahib*," Baboo Ghose explained. "They wait four days, but your Honor is here."

Finnerty stared. "Yes, I'm here, Baboo," he said, "but considering I didn't know I was coming, these fellows must be in league with the gods."

"Yes, your Honor, Yogi Byro working the oracle," Baboo Ghose answered simply. He gazed with approval upon the *sahib's* apparel, so evident that he had been snatched from an evening function; it was correlative of the whole celestial scheme of astral projection.

The Major took a seat in the shade of a big pipal and asked the Baboo for some explanation of the ambiguous situation; and the Bengali, with the volubility of his class, poured out words in a bubbling stream. Finnerty laughed till his sides shook when he realized that he was supposed to be in the employ of the elephant-headed Ganesa. But the event had found the best man in all India, the one most likely to fall in with the grim humor of the situation.

According to Ghose, the Thakore would provide champagne for the *sahib's* bath; would cause him to sparkle like a heavily-dewed rose-bush with diamonds, and load him with wealth if he destroyed that "opprobious tiger."

Finnerty sat in the cool shade of the gum-coated fig-leaves looking out across the sun-blistered waters of the coffee-colored river. It was certainly a corking fine chance for glorious sport all ready to hand; no beaters to pay, no expensive kit to provide. More than once he had traveled for days over a furnaced land that was like Sheol, and at huge expense to himself, for such a chance at a man-eater. And the big Irishman was in his heart a chivalrous knight. Fifteen years in India had given him the second sight, the eye that could discover beneath the brown skins brothers in humanity. Somehow, a superstitious feeling crept into his mind that the god he called Chance, and that Yogi Byro knew as Ganesa, had required at his hand this service to the people he had been cast among. Then, wearied by the hot glare, his eyes came back from the palpitating atmosphere to his silk hose and patent-leather pumps, and again he laughed.

"Will the Presence honor his Highness by official call?" the Baboo asked. "I have charger for the *sahib*."

Finnerty looked along the red road, and could see, a quarter of a mile away, reflected in a little lake, the white walls of the Thakore's huge bungalow which the Baboo euphemistically called a palace. "I'll go and see him, anyway," he said.

The Baboo called, and a gray stallion was brought.

Finnerty mounted; the Baboo climbed into a cart, and they started, a triumphal procession. Horns blared, conch shells screeched; there was the heavy drone of tomtoms; Kasim, a walking arsenal, marched proudly at the tail of Finnerty's horse.

The Baboo explained this demonstration. "That man-eating tiger has got no respect for proper time to bite; last week he seized with awful intent of mastication a poor man in daytime on this road."

The Thakore received Major Finnerty with heavy pleasure. The tall frame enveloped in rolls of unnatural fat, the lurid red in the big eyes that had once been beautiful, and the monotonous tone of the deep voice, familiar signs to Finnerty, told him everything. The Thakore with the light skin of a Rajput was a decayed temple; a once-magnificent tabernacle that now rested groggily on a sand foundation; the poison ivy of sensuality had rotted the walls. Bhang and opium and brandy had etched their initials in the pendulous bags beneath the eyes, the weak droop at the corners of the mouth—all over the face. "Gad! but he once was a man!" Finnerty muttered as he looked at the broad chest and the pillar-like neck; "it's too bad. Faith I'll take a fall out of that bloodthirsty tiger, just because it's too bad."

The Thakore, running his eye heavily up and down the figure of the big Irishman, smiled faintly like a child with a beautiful toy. In his mind there was no association of the *sahib* with holiness. No doubt the Yogi's propitiation of Ganesa had brought him there; but as an instrument—as fire, or rain, or a good crop of grain. But in himself the *sahib* was a man. The Thakore held out his hand and called Finnerty "brother," taking it for granted that he was ready to slay the Dweller at the Gate.

"Give your orders, *sahib*," he said with superb dignity. And to his dewan he added, "If any one disobeys the *sahib* see that he is well beaten with sticks of the male bamboo."

He clapped his hands, gave an order and a servant came bearing a silver tray. He put a gold chain about the Major's neck, tendered a tiny bouquet of the gold-hearted champak flower, and sank back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. He seemed to consider the tiger already dead.

"Now, your Honor," Ghose said, as they passed out of the palace, "it is all arranged, you see."

"Gad, man! but I've got to have some *shikar* kit," Finnerty objected, "if I'm going into the jungle."

"Yes, *sahib;* good tailor got—in five minutes he is make you uniform of Nimrod."

"But I haven't a gun!" the Major exclaimed, suddenly remembering this important item.

"I have arrange munitions of war," Baboo Ghose answered, proudly escorting the *sahib* to inspect the wealth of firearms he had ordered from Calcutta.

"By the shade of Nimrod," Finnerty exclaimed, "you buy guns, Baboo, as one buys liquors for a bungalow."

"Yes, sir," Ghose replied proudly: "I am going to put quietus on that debased tiger myself, so I reading up how is proper method of shooting games; reading Baker, and Sanderson, and Cummings, and many sporty man to write account. One man relating 8-bore gun, with 17 drachms of powder and four-ounce bullet is making proper stop of tiger's charge; another recommend 10-bore; but got excessive weight for taking proper aim, 16 pounds. And so on, *sahib;* every writing man has recommend different kind, and I buying whole bag of tricks—here is invoice."

Baboo Ghose spoke truly—he had bought them all. In addition to the old-school smooth-bores there were rifles of all calibres, from the big .577 Magnum Express down to a .303 Mannlicher.

Finnerty picked out a double-barreled .450 Express that fired a cartridge of 70 grains of cordite with a 480-grain bullet. "I'll take that double-barreled 8-bore Paradox as a second gun," he said. "If Stripes stands up after I pump a couple of soft-nosed bullets into him from the Express, and comes for me, I'll settle his account with ten drachms of powder and a big pill from the Paradox."

When Finnerty discussed the plan of hunt with Indra, the latter proposed a bullock as bait, with the *sahib* in a *machan* in a tree. But the Major objected, declaring that was the way of babes and women; it wasn't sport, it was just common, blatant murder; besides, nine times out of ten, absolutely useless. Even in the moonlight it was next to impossible to plug a bullet home in the tiger's brain or heart, and a wounded tiger was worse than forty devils turned loose near a village. In that condition he would kill not only for hunger, but out of pure evil temper.

To the Baboo he said: "Tigers that live off jungle animals hunt in the night—even a cattle-killer confines himself, as a rule, to the early morning and late evening; but a man-eater is a day-bird, and this fellow has grown so cheeky because of the dread that is over the villagers that if we beat him out in the day he'll walk right up to my gun to be shot."

To the Major it was like going fishing. The closer he could get to a tiger, and the better the light, the more certain the death shot. It was very simple: it was only a question of steady nerve; and with the Irishman that was not a question.

In vain the villagers explained that they were fathers of large families and that to be eaten by a tiger was a direct block on the road to Heaven.

Finnerty was obdurate.

"I'll take care of Stripes," he said to the Baboo; "get together two or three hundred beaters with horns and drums, and bamboos to beat against the trees, and the tiger won't face the music; he'll come my way and I'll settle him."

So the next day, fearing the wrath of their ruler, an army of villagers went forth, and spreading out in a wide half-circle like the sweep of a fan, beyond the tiger's *nullah*, almost shoulder to shoulder, began their march to the accompaniment of a demoniac din. A few were placed in trees to watch and signal the tiger's movements.

Major Finnerty, armed with his Express, and Indra in attendance with a spare gun, waited at the mouth of the *nullah*. The huge, deep cavern of the ravine, heavy in its luxuriant growth, silent as a sepulchre, commenced to stir. A peacock miaowed discordantly; a pack of jungle dogs thrust their red bodies into sight for a second as they fled; a sounder of wild pigs, grunting their discontent, jinked and scrambled along the stony bottom of the hollow and vanished.

The beat was growing warm.

A dozen ground-apes trooped by like hoboes on the march, a big male turning often as he brought up the rear to bare his tusks in a snarl of defiance at the babel of beaters.

Finnerty knew that the insolent tiger, with his small fear of men, would come last, leaving his cool retreat with sullen reluctance. He would come slowly along the path worn by the jungle animals who followed the bottom of the ravine to the drinking-pool.

Suddenly a grating roar struck on the *sahib's* ear; then came the shriller note of men's voices, that vibrated with fear. There was a lull in the tapping beat of bamboos against trees.

"Heavens!" Finnerty gasped, "that swine has broken back through the line!"

"Yes, *sahib*," Indra confirmed, "the evil spirit has told him we are here."

Straight up the *nullah* path a villager appeared running, beating his open mouth with the palm of his hand, and crying, "Banda has been killed! The Baghut is abroad!"

With the spring of an ape the Gond had the runner by his streaming hair and thrown to the ground, saying: "Thou frightened son of a jackal, what has transpired? Speak, for the *sahib* would know!"

"It was all Kasim's fault, *sahib*," the frightened native vowed; "my lord tiger was going away in quietness when Kasim must shoot at him from a tree ——"

"I know," interrupted Finnerty; "the tiger broke back and mauled one of the beaters. Come on, Indra, we must see what's up."

The Gond leading, they hurried in the direction of the babel of voices which had once more broken forth in cries of fear. Just where the jungle had given way to the woodmen's axes in a partially-cleared field they came upon a group of villagers.

At sight of the *sahib*, one of them came forward and, dropping on his knees, salaamed to Finnerty's feet. "Oh, my lord," he moaned, "just yonder is the eldest son of mine taken by this eater of men." He pointed down to a small thicket of coriander bush.

Finnerty could see a man crawling on his hands and knees.

"Save him, *huzoor;* he was seized by a tiger from which there is no danger whatever—a poor, small, starved creature that the Presence could choke with one of his strong hands—also it has been wounded and cannot spring. Go, *sahib*, and take from the evil thing Banda, the beautiful big son who crawls there."

"Come, men," Finnerty commanded; and with both barrels of the Express cocked he led the way, even passed beyond the native that crawled weakly in the grass, on his face a look of most unutterable despair and fear.

Two that had followed picked up Banda between them; and the father, calling to Finnerty, pleaded: "Come away, *sahib;* do not remain, for the tiger is large and fierce; he is the size of a buffalo, and enough evil has been done."

"Some one calls from within the bushes," Finnerty answered; "was another beater seized?"

"'Tis the false voice of the evil spirit that hunts with the tiger, *sahib;* that is its way, to call thus and lead men into the jaws of the Destroyer."

Major Finnerty could hear the smothered, agonized call of a man's voice somewhere in the thick growth, and turning to the Gond said: "Keep close with that gun, Indra; I'm going in after that devil."

The Gond's yellow-and-red streaked eyes turned waveringly from the *sahib's*.

"Art thou afraid—and yet a Gond?" Finnerty asked.

"Only of evil spirits—of what use is a man's courage against the demons. But go, *sahib*—I follow with the gun."

With stealthy caution Finnerty moved into the dense growth; the tiger and his prey seemed close at hand, and to beard the animal in that cover was almost madness. But no snarl greeted him as he crept forward. At times his ear caught the fancied echo of a call that seemed always at the same distance, like a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. He began to grow angry—to feel a sudden rage against this sly drinker of blood who eluded him. He pushed through the bushes, that now grew dense, with fury. The second-growth bamboos, armed with clawlike hooks such as he had never seen in any other jungle, clutched at his arms and legs, and a perfect labyrinth of slender cane wove across his way a tenacious barrier. Once his foot caught and he came to earth with a crash that sent his Express flying. As he struggled to his feet he saw the Gond standing guard over his body, in his hand the Paradox thrust forward to meet danger. Rising, he put his hand on Indra's shoulder affectionately, saying, "Thou art a man!"

"I feared the Baghut had thrown the *sahib* so that the tiger might take him," the little man answered simply.

"Where is the beast, Indra? He will have that poor chap eaten before we get to him."

"There is no man here, *sahib*. The voice that called was the evil spirit that rides with the tiger," the Gond answered; "there was only one seized."

"You're a superstitious ass, Indra," Finnerty answered angrily. "Pick up the tiger's trail and we'll soon settle the evil spirit."

He watched the little man of the jungle, whose eyes could read at running speed a trail the *sahib* could not have found on hands and knees, cast about in the foolish manner of an unbroken setter.

"I am the *sahib's* slave," Indra said, coming back from a fruitless search, "but it is a demon and has left no marks of his going."

"Didst ever see a tiger go out of cover with his feet in the air?" Finnerty sneered.

"If there had been a beater taken, *sahib*, there would be some sign of the drag. Let us go back for fear the tiger makes the kill of a man while your Honor is not there."

It was only when they returned to the village and the beaters had come that Finnerty discovered the truth.

Charging back through the line the striped fiend had seized two men, carried them both into the bush, dropping Banda on his way, and even Banda, his back crushed, was doomed.

VI

THE Major knew this gruesome incident had effectually settled all chance of beating the tiger out of his lair with the frightened villagers; their very cowardice would make them an easy prey. Stripes would break such a wavering line of beaters whenever he chose to do so; and it was bred in his bone to maul anything that turned to flee. By authority of the Thakore, he could force the men out, but it was murder.

"If I only had a couple of elephants," he lamented to Baboo Ghose, "I'd settle the sneaking cutthroat."

"Yes, sir," Ghose responded gayly; "if that *mahout* not losing the elephants I am also before stopping depredations of man-eater. It is proper procedure for shooting sport; but elephants are *non est*, *sahib*."

To sit up in a tree over a bait appeared to be the only chance of getting a shot; and Finnerty, using his authority, had the villagers lead out a young bullock and tie him to a slim ironwood close to the tiger's haunt, accompanying them with his rifle to keep guard while they built a *machan* in another tree close by.

The *sahib's* materialistic preparation was seconded by Yogi Byro's spiritual effort. He had wondrously discovered that it was Bhairon that needed propitiation; for when things go wrong in India it is well to find the offended god, and the Yogi had found him; also, out of his great knowledge, the proper ritual.

Bhairon was an evil-tempered demi-god that rode abroad at night on a black horse with a black hound in attendance; and nothing put him in such good humor as to feed a dog of sombre hue until he was gorged. In Gopal, as it happened, this observance was not so easy, for the breed of village pariahs were all red or dirty brown. Eventually, a hairless Rampoor hound was unearthed, his blue-gray skin being considered near enough the desired tone, and stuffed with curry in which were mixed leaves of the sacred Bhima.

"Now," Byro said, when the hound, paralyzed by such abundance, lay down to sleep, "Bhairon will not ride forth on his black horse in the way of destruction, not having the black hound, for always the three sweep the jungle together."

Just at dusk, when the pungent smoke of the fires of evening hung close to earth, Finnerty passed from the village to his *machan*. His feet left no scent-trail of man, for Indra had brought him a pair of sandals, made from the skin of a freshly-killed goat; and the placid content of the bullock indicated that the tiger had not yet made his usual wide circle of investigation.

For three hours the *sahib* sat in the *machan* with tense nerves, startled time and again by the advent of some jungle dweller. Once the whispering slip of something beating the dead air suggested the soft spoof of a tiger's pads, but it was only the swooping flight of a goat-sucker that winged in short circles about the bullock in pursuit of flies. Next a honey-badger, his claws clicking the dried grass, came

"He's Yonder, *Sahib*, and is an Eater of Monkeys—They Know"

inquisitively into the little open patch where was tethered the bait. Then with a scurrying clatter he fled, his little grunting squeak of fear caught up and swelled into a tremulous plaint of disappointment as a jackal, landing in his spring on the spot the badger had vacated, stood for a second, and, raising his lean, vulpine head, wailed his starved cry.

For two minutes the jungle echoed a chorus of Ao-oo-oo-oah! as the jackal's misery-call was repeated by the rest of the pack. In the very fullness of the clamorous wail came a sudden deathly silence, so still the jungle held that far away in the distance Finnerty could hear the "Tonk, tonk!" of a coppersmith bird. Then from the village came a wave of swelling sounds—a wild clamor; the crash of shattered structures; the cries of men; the deep thundering boom of a gong; the drone of tomtoms; the piercing blast of a horn; the snapping crack of a rifle.

"Faith," Finnerty groaned, "that artful dodger has raided the village. Sure, he must be possessed of a devil"

He almost fell from the *machan* in his wild scramble to earth. As with long strides he ran across the open space of a raji field a huge black form loomed in the moonlight, sailing through the half-gloom like a mastless junk propelled by invisible means.

In the village were men turned into children by panic. Dark, cowering forms clung to the *sahib*, all talking at once. Some carried lighted fagots, and torches, and clanging instruments of torment; all were foolish in their fear.

Finnerty, hurrying toward the centre of the maelstrom, collided with the fat Baboo, who was fleeing from it.

"Oh, *sahib!*" Baboo Ghose cried in relief, "it is that big, blustering elephant rascal. I am going too quick to get some guns to shoot the depraved beast! Now, you have gun, *sahib*, I will go back and we will put enemy to flight."

With the Baboo Finnerty continued on to the elephant lines, where flickering torches and a babe of voices indicated the centre of tumult.

Amar explained graphically the cause of the trouble. It was Bahadar that had disturbed the peace of Gopal. A mud wall inclosed the elephant compound; a pair of heavy wooden gates blocked the entrance to this, but Bahadar had come with the quietness of a thief, lifted the gates bodily from their hinges, walked into the compound, and made straight for the little mud-hut where the wheaten cakes he loved so well were stored.

Amar did not explain why Bahadar did not find any toothsome cakes; they had been eaten by the *mahout's* family. The tusker, angry at finding the box empty, rough-housed the little hut and everything the compound held, and then quietly marched out when the uproarious din got on his nerves.

There was nothing to be done—in fact, Bahadar had swept the boards in the way of doing things; so Finnerty went back to his bait—at least, to where the bullock had been tied. A rope dangling idly, and the turf torn up where the struggling hoofs had cut its sward, told the exasperating tale of a missed chance. A short cast about in the moonlight discovered a broad, arrogant trail leading off into a deeper jungle where the tiger had dragged the bullock through the underbrush. It would be madness to follow the man-eater in the dark, and Finnerty disconsolately made his way back to his bungalow.

VII

WHEN Major Finnerty awoke in the morning the little Gond was squatted in patient waiting on the veranda.

"I saw the Presence returning last night," Indra said, "and knew."

"He took the bullock."

"The Baghut told him that you had come here to the village," Indra said simply.

When Finnerty asked the Gond if he would go forth with him to follow up the tiger's trail, Indra answered: "Yes, your Honor, for thou art not afraid; with cowards there is always danger. But we shall not come upon the lord of the jungle, for the spirit will keep him from thy presence."

Following the broad trail left by Stripes they found the half-eaten bullock hidden away in a little ravine not far from a pool of water, nearly half a mile from the place of the kill. The tiger had left a legibly-written record of the transaction. A few paces from the bullock the crushed jungle growth told where he had rested between his periods of blood gorge; and in the soft, black mud of the pool's basin were the huge, square imprints of his immense paws where he had slaked his thirst at sunrise.

Finnerty had hopes of following his trail, and, coming upon him gorged, settling the business; but in fifty yards the trail vanished utterly; the ravine broadened into a rocky gorge topped by banks that stretched away in a hard, sun-baked flat that carried no tale of the slayer's going.

"'Tis the Baghut," Indra said, sweeping his small, wrinkled face comprehensively half the compass of the jungle.

"Faith, it's the devil!" commented Finnerty.

A huge spreading banyan grew close to where the kill lay, one of its octopus-like arms reaching fair over the remains of the bullock, and the Major, after a trip to the village for a supply of food, took up his vigil in the tree. And that night the tiger killed a man at Rhatni, five miles away; and the elephants, led by Bahadar, laid waste a field of grain almost within gunshot of Gopal.

Next night the villagers in Gopal heard the Dweller at the Gate voicing his ominous rasping growl in the direction of the little ravine that was his favorite lying-up place.

"He will not try for a kill for two days," Indra declared; "he is a full-fed lord of the jungle and will rest in content."

She Whisked About Just as the Tiger Charged, Receiving Him Full on Her Rump

"If I had elephants to drive him out in the day," Finnerty lamented, "I'd soon settle his murderous career. But we've got neither a '*koonkie*' elephant to entice them into a *keddah*, nor beaters to drive them in."

Tonkia, who was one of the little group that had come to Finnerty's bungalow, salaamed deeply and said: "*Sahib*, in my land, that is, Ceylon, my people are snarers of elephants, and if the *sahib* so orders it that twenty men go forth with us we can capture Bahadar, for he is not afraid of men and will not run to the deep jungles."

Finnerty knew well the method of the Ceylon Moormen of snaring elephants. It was a good idea; because, even if he should happen to bag Stripes, his work would be only half finished while the Rogue was still loose.

He turned to Ghose, asking: "Can you make these men go after the elephants, Baboo? There will be no danger. I'll take that big 4-bore gun I saw in your arsenal, and if he's likely to injure anybody I'll pump its bullet into him."

"Yes, sir; these low fellows must obey if Thakore passing on request. I, too, will go—I am not afraid of jungle creatures."

"We will go with you, *mahout*," Finnerty declared; and Tonkia hurried away to prepare four strong rawhide lassos, twenty-five feet long. Before starting out the next morning the villagers were schooled in their part of the snaring, which was simply a matter of throwing their weight on the rope when Bahadar had been noosed. During the night Bahadar and his companion had been heard crashing down the young bamboos that grew on the hill back of the village, and the Major and his men soon came upon the evidence of their presence. The bamboo tope bore the appearance of a contest with a young cyclone where the elephants had mowed them down to feed upon the shoots. And evidently at daybreak the herd had gone off to the river for a bath, for their huge feet marked the jungle trail that led in that direction.

In an hour, as they approached the river, Indra crept forward to reconnoitre, while the others halted. Presently he came back, and, taking the *sahib* with him, pointed down into the flat. Bahadar was standing in the shallow water of the river's edge, resting, with his big tusks driven into the bank to steady himself.

"Is he asleep, Indra?" Finnerty asked.

The Gond shook his head. He wet the palm of a hand with his tongue, and holding it up said: "The wind comes from his direction to us, and if the *sahib* wants him driven this way I will go back and around through the jungle till I am on the other side of him. When he has caught my wind he will come up this path that leads out of the river."

While the Gond cut a circle to a point that led beyond the elephant, Finnerty placed his men in the thick jungle on either side of the path, explaining to Tonkia that he would stop the elephant by showing himself just beyond, and that the snarer must then throw his noose.

Then Finnerty crept forward to watch the actions of Bahadar. The big fellow had plastered himself with mud to keep off the flies, and with nothing to worry was almost motionless. Presently his trunk, that had hung idly like a huge Christmas stocking, curled up under his right ear in the direction of the Gond's objective point. Then the tusks were withdrawn from the clay bank, and the ears cocked with a piglike jerk of impatience; the trunk was thrown out and a trumpeting note of warning cut the air. It was answered somewhere off in the jungle by another elephant. Then the tusker came leisurely in the *sahib's* direction.

With a low word to Tonkia, Finnerty passed swiftly thirty yards down the path and hid behind a tree.

Soon the huge bull came laboring up the river-bank, and with his trunk curved backward to catch the scent of the man he had winded, sauntered along the path, all unconscious of the twenty brown men crouched in the thick undergrowth and behind trees.

Suddenly Finnerty stepped forth and called, "Ai, ai! Khudawand!"

Startled, the elephant stopped and stared curiously at the sudden apparition.

"*Maro! maro!*" yelled Finnerty; and with mingling cries the men rushed from the jungle, led by Amar and Tonkia.

Bahadar broke into a shuffling trot, his trunk raised high and issuing from it a fretful "Phru-u-u-t, Phru-u-u-t!"

The brown body of Tonkia shot out from the group behind, his right arm cut through the air, and snakelike the leather noose darted in loosening folds, and with unerring certainty circled an ankle of a hindleg.

With an exultant scream of triumph Tonkia dropped the rawhide, crying to the others, "Follow close to his lordship, brothers!"

Finnerty dodged behind a tree as Bahadar sailed along the path like a ship suddenly broken from its moorings; the lasso lashing the jungle like a vicious snake. Tonkia, suddenly grasping the rawhide, sprinted forward, and with a quick twist whirled the loose end round the trunk of a sal tree, Amar grasping the end also. There was a low, screaming wail from the strong rope as it cut into the bark when the strain of the huge elephant fell upon its strands; and, with a crash, the great creature went down full on his head, his hindleg stretched out like a mammoth roll of rubber.

Then Tonkia slipped a lasso over the other hindleg and took a turn about a tree, Bahadar screaming in anger at this indignity.

Then they discovered the fragment of shattered gun barrel protruding from a rankling wound.

"We must have it out," Finnerty declared; "he'll be manageable when that's eased." And while Tonkia stood guard with his rump-stick the *sahib* sought for an opening to withdraw the iron. It was a dangerous task, for Bahadar was threshing the ground and breaking bushes and small trees. Once, as the trunk swished around viciously, Tonkia brought his club down with a stinging blow that caused the elephant to curl it back with a whimpering scream of pain, and the next instant with a wrench from the Irishman's powerful arm the iron was drawn forth.

"The poor beast!" Finnerty said sympathetically; "no wonder he couldn't behave. Don't be rough with him. The poor beast! Slack the ropes and let him up."

Bahadar, on his feet again, bellowed with rage; and Tonkia, spreading a noose on the ground in front, danced

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THE FIRING LINE

Fallen Asleep Among a Pile of Blueprints

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

GRAY CARDROSS, a nice-looking boy who wore spectacles, collected butterflies, and did not look like a "speed-mad cub," took Hamil to the house, whither Shiela had already retired, for an anteprandial toilet; but there is no dust in that part of the world, and his preparations were quickly made.

"Awfully glad you came," repeated young Cardross with all the excessive cordiality of the young and unspoiled. "Father has been checking off the days on the calendar since your letter saying you were coming by way of Nassau. The Governor is dying to begin operations on that jungle yonder. When we camp I'm going—and probably Shiela is—she began clamoring to go two weeks ago. We all had an idea that you were a rather feeble old gentleman—like Mr. Anan—until Shiela brought us the picture they published of you in the paper two weeks ago; and she said immediately that if you were young enough to camp she was old enough to go, too. She's a good shot, Mr. Hamil, and she won't interfere with your professional duties——"

"I should think not!" said Hamil cordially; "but—as for my camping—there's really almost nothing left for me to do except to familiarize myself with the character of your wilderness. Your father tells me he has the surveys and contour maps all ready. As a matter of fact I really could begin the office work at once——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that! and don't say it!" exclaimed the young fellow in dismay. "Father and Shiela and I are counting on this trip. There's a butterfly or two I want to get at Ruffle Lake. Don't you think it extremely necessary that you go over the entire territory?—become thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere and——"

"Malaria?" suggested Hamil, laughing. "Of course, seriously, it will be simply fine. And perhaps it is the best thing to do for a while. Please don't mistake me; I *want* to do it; I—I've never before had a vacation like this. It's like a trip into Paradise from the sordid horror of Broadway. Only," he added slowly as they left the house and started toward the luncheon-party under the liveoaks, "I should like to have your father know that I am ready to give him every moment of my time at once."

"That's what he wants—and so do I," said young Cardross. . . . "Hello! Here's Shiela back before us! I'd like to sit near enough to talk to you, but Shiela is between us. I'll tell you after luncheon what we propose to do on this trip."

A white servant seated Hamil on Mrs. Cardross' right; and for a while that languid but friendly lady drawled amiable trivialities to him, propounding the tritest questions with an air of pleased profundity, replying to his observations with harmlessly complacent platitudes—a good woman, every inch of her—one who had never known an unkindly act or word in the circle of her own family—one who had always been accustomed to honor, deference and affection—of whom nothing more had ever been demanded than the affections of a good wife and a good mother.

Being very, very stout and elaborately upholstered, a shady hammock couch suited her best; and as she was eternally dieting and was too stout to sit comfortably, she never remained very long at table.

Gray escorted her houseward in the midst of the festivities. She nodded a gracious apology to all, entered her wheel-chair, and was rolled heavily away for her daily siesta.

Everybody appeared friendly to him, even cordial. Mrs. Acton Carrick talked to him in her pretty, decisive, animated manner—a feminine reflection of her father's characteristic energy and frankness.

Her younger sister, Cecile, possessed a drawl like her mother's. Petite, distractingly pretty, Hamil recognized immediately her attraction—experienced it, amused at himself for yielding to it as he exchanged conventionally preliminary observations with her across the table.

Men, on first acquaintance, were usually very easily captivated, for she had not only all the general attraction of being young, feminine and unusually ornamental, but she also possessed numberless individualities like a rapid fire of incarnations, which since she was sixteen had kept many a young man, good and true, madly guessing which was the real Cecile. And yet all the various and assorted Ceciles seemed equally desirable, susceptible, and eternally on the verge of being rounded up and captured; that was the worst of it; and no young man she had ever known had wholly relinquished hope. For even in the graceful act of side-stepping the smitten, the girl's eyes and lips seemed unconsciously to unite in a gay little unspoken promise—"This serial story is to be continued in our next—perhaps."

As for the other people at the table Hamil began to distinguish one from another by degrees: the fair-haired Anans, sister and brother, who spoke of their celebrated uncle, Winslow Anan, and his predictions concerning Hamil as his legitimate successor.

Marjorie Staines, willowy, active, fresh as a stem of white jasmine, and inconsequent as a very restless bird; Philip Gatewood, grave, thin, prematurely saddened by the responsibility of a vast inheritance, consumed by a desire for an artistic career, looking at the world with his owlish eyes through the prismatic colors of a set palette.

There were others there whom as yet he had been unable to differentiate; smiling, well-mannered, affable people who chattered with more or less intimacy among themselves as though accustomed to meeting one another year after year in this winter rendezvous. And everywhere he felt the easy, informal friendliness and good will of these young people.

"Are you being amused?" asked Shiela beside him. "My father's orders, you know," she added demurely.

They stood up as Mrs. Carrick rose and left the table, followed by the others, and he looked at Shiela expecting her to imitate her sister's example. As she did not, he waited beside her, his cigarette unlighted.

Presently she bent over the table, extended her arm, and lifted a small, burning lamp of silver toward him; and, thanking her, he lighted his cigarette.

"Siesta?" she asked.

"No; I feel fairly normal."

"That's abnormal in Florida. But if you really don't feel sleepy—if you *really* don't—we'll get the Gracilis—our fastest motor-boat—and run down to the Beach Club and get father. Shall we—just you and I?"

"And the engineer?"

"I'll run the Gracilis if you will steer," she said quietly.

"I'll do whichever you wish, Calypso, steer or run things."

She looked up with that quick smile which seemed to transfigure her into something a little more than mortal.

"Why in the world have I ever been afraid of you?" she said. "Will you come? I think our galley is in commission. . . . Once I told you that Calypso was a land nymph. But—time changes us all, you know—and as nobody reads the classics any longer nobody will perceive the anachronism."

"Except ourselves."

"Except ourselves, Ulysses; and we'll forgive each other." She took a step out from the shadow of the oaks' foliage into the white sunlight and turned, looking back at him.

And he followed, as did his heroic namesake in the golden noon of the age of fable.

As they came in sight of the sea he halted.

"That's curious!" he exclaimed; "there is the Ariani again!"

"The yacht you came on?"

"Yes. I wonder if there's been an accident. She cleared for Miami last night."

They stood looking at the white steamer for a moment.

"I hope everything's all right with the Ariani," he murmured; then turned to the girl beside him.

"By the way, I have a message for you from a man on board; I forgot to deliver it."

"A message for *me?*"

"From a very ornamental young man who desired to be particularly remembered to Shiela Cardross until he could pay his respects in person. Can you guess?"

For a moment she looked at him with a tremor of curiosity and amusement edging her lips.

"Louis Malcourt," he said, smiling, and turned again to the sea.

A sudden, still, inward fright seized her; the curious, soundless crash of her own senses followed—as though all within had given way.

She had known many, many such moments; one was upon her now, the clutching terror of it seeming to stiffen the very soul within her.

"I hope all's well with the Ariani," he repeated under his breath, staring at the sea.

Miss Cardross made no answer.

CHAPTER VII

FEBRUARY, the gayest, yet really the least desirable, winter month on the East Coast, found the winter resorts already overcrowded. Relays and consignments of fashion arrived and departed on every train; the permanent winter colony, composed of those who owned or rented villas and those who remained for the three months at either of the great hotels, had started the season vigorously. Dances, dinners, lawn fêtes, entertainments for local churches and charities left little time for anything except the routine of the bathing-hour, the noon gathering at The Breakers, tea during the concert.

Every day beach, pier and swimming-pool were thronged; every day the white motor-cars rushed southward to Miami, and the swift power-boats sped northward to the inlet; and the house-boat rendezvous rang with the gay laughter of pretty women, and the restaurant of the Beach Club flashed with their jewels.

Dozens of villas had begun their series of house-parties; attractive girls held court everywhere—under cocoa-palm and hibiscus, along the beach, on the snowy decks of yachts; agreeable girls fished from the pier, pervaded bazars for charity, sauntered, bare of elbow and throat, across the sandy links; adorable girls appeared everywhere, on veranda, in canoes, in wheel-chairs, in the surf and out of it—everywhere youth and beauty decorated the sun-drenched landscape. And Hamil thought that he had never before beheld so many ornamental women together in any one place except in his native city; certainly, nowhere had he ever encountered such a heterogeneous mixture of all the shades, nuances, tints, hues and grades which enter into the warp and weft of the

American social fabric; and he noticed some colors that do not enter into that fabric at all.

East, West, North and South sent types of those worthy citizens who upheld local social structures; the brilliant migrants were there also—samples of the gay, wealthy, over-accented floating population of great cities—the rich and homeless and restless—those who lived and had their social being in the gorgeous and expensive hotels; who had neither firesides nor taxes nor fixed social obligations to worry them, nor any of the trying civic or routine duties devolving upon permanent inhabitants—the jeweled throngers of the horse-shows and motor-shows, and theatres, and night restaurants—the people, in fact, who make ocean-liners, high prices and the metropolis possible, and the name of their country blinked at abroad. For it is not your native New Yorker who supports the continual fête from the Bronx to the sea and carries it overseas for a Parisian summer.

Then, too, the truly good were there—the sturdy, respectable and sometimes dowdy good; also the intellectuals—for ten expensive days at a time; for it is a deplorable fact that the unworthy frivolous monopolize all the money in the world! And there, too, were excursionists from East and West and North and South, tired, leaden-eyed, uncomfortable, eating luncheons on private lawns, trooping to see some trained alligators in a muddy pool, resting by roadsides and dunes in the apathy of repletion, the sucked orange suspended to follow with narrowing eyes the progress of some imported hat or gown.

And the bad were there, not the very, very bad, perhaps, but the doubtful, over-jeweled, over-tinted of lip and brow and cheek, with shoes too shapely and waists too small and hair too bright and wavy, and—but dusty alpaca and false front cannot do absolute justice to a pearl collar and a gown of lace; and tired, toil-dimmed eyes may make mistakes, especially as it is already a tradition that America goes to Palm Beach to cut up shindies, or watch others do it.

So they were all there: the irreproachable, the amusing, the inevitable, the intellectual, the good and the bad, the *ondulées* and the scant of hair.

And, belonging to one or more of these divisions, Portlaw, Wayward and Malcourt were there—had been there, now, for several weeks, the latter as a guest at the Cardross villa. For the demon of caprice had seized on Wayward, and half-way to Miami he had turned back for no reason under the sun apparently—though Constance Palliser had been very glad to see him after so many years.

The month had made a new man of Hamil. For one thing, he had become more or less acclimated; he no longer desired to sleep several times a day, he could now assimilate guavas without disaster, and walk about without acquiring headaches or deluging himself in perspiration. For another, he was enchanted with his work, and with Shiela Cardross, and with the entire Cardross family.

The month had been a busy one for him. When he was not in the saddle with Neville Cardross the work in the new office and drafting-room required his close attention. Already affairs were moving briskly; he had leased a cottage for his office work; draftsmen had arrived and were fully occupied, half a dozen contractors appeared on the spot, also a forester and assistants, and a surveyor and staff. And the energetic Mr. Cardross, also, was enjoying every minute of his life.

Hamil's plan for the great main park with its terraces, miles of shell and marl drives, its lakes, bridges, arbors, pools, shelters, canals, fully satisfied Cardross. Hamil's engineers were still occupied with the drainage problem, but a happy solution was now in sight. Woodcutters had already begun work on the great central forest avenue stretching straight away for four miles between green jungles topped by giant oaks, magnolias and palmettos; lesser drives and chair trails were being planned, blazed and traced out; sample coquina concrete blocks had been delivered, and a rickety narrow-gauge railroad was now being installed with spidery branches reaching out through the monotonous flat woods and creeping around the boundaries, where a nine-foot game-proof fence of woven buffalo wire was being erected by hundreds of negroes. Around this went a telephone and telegraph wire connected with the house and the game-keepers' lodges.

Beyond the vast park lay an unbroken wilderness. This had already been surveyed, and there remained nothing to do except to pierce it with a wide, main trail and erect a few patrol camps of palmetto logs within convenient reach of the duck-haunted lagoons.

And now toward the end of the month, as contractor after contractor arrived with gangs of negroes and were swallowed up in the distant woodlands, the interest in the Cardross household became acute. From the front entrance of the house guests and family could see the great avenue which was being cleared through the forest—could see the vista growing hour by hour as the huge trees swayed, bent and came crashing earthward. Far away the noise of the felling sounded, softened by distance; snowy jets of steam puffed up above the trees, the panting of a toy locomotive came on the breeze, the mean, crescendo whine of a sawmill.

Very, Very Stout and Elaborately Upholstered

"It's the only way to do things," said Cardross again and again; "make up your mind quickly that you want to do them, then do them quickly. I have no patience with a man who'll dawdle about a bit of property for years and finally start to improve it with a pot of geraniums after he's too old to enjoy anything except gruel. When I plant a tree I don't plant a sapling; I get a machine and four horses and a dozen men and I put in a full-grown tree, so that I can sit under it next day if I wish to and not spend thirty years waiting for it to grow. Isn't that the way to do things, Hamil?"

Hamil said yes. It was certainly the way to accomplish things -the modern millionaire's way; but the majority of people had to do a little waiting before they could enjoy their vine and fig-tree.

Cardross sat down beside his wife, who was reading in a hammock chair, and gazed at the new vista through a pair of field-glasses.

"Gad, Hamil!" he said with considerable feeling, "I hate to see a noble tree go down; it's like murder to me. But it's the only thing to do, isn't it? The French understand the value of magnificent distances. What a glorious vista that will make, four miles straight away, walled in by deathless green, and the blue lagoon sparkling at the end of the perspective! I love it, I tell you. I love it!"

"It will be very fine," said Hamil. His voice sounded a trifle tired. He had ridden many miles since sunrise. There was marl on his riding-breeches.

Cardross continued to examine the work in progress through his binoculars. Presently he said:

"You've been overdoing it, haven't you, Hamil? My wife says so."

"Overdoing it?" repeated the young man, not understanding. "Overdoing what?"

"I mean you've a touch of malaria; you've been working a little too hard."

"He has indeed," drawled Mrs. Cardross, laying aside her novel; and, placidly ignoring Hamil's protests: "Neville, you drag him about through those dreadful swamps before he is acclimated, and you keep him up half the night talking plans and making sketches. He is too young to work like that."

Hamil turned red; but it was impossible to resent or mistake the kindly solicitude of this very large and leisurely lady, whose steadily increasing motherly interest in him had at times tried his dignity in that very lively family.

That he was already a successful young man with a metropolitan reputation made little or no impression upon her. He was young, alone, and she liked him better and better every day, until that liking arrived at the point where his physical welfare began to preoccupy her. So she sent maids to his room with nourishing broths at odd and unexpected moments, and she presented him with so many boxes of quinine that their disposal became a problem, until Shiela took them off his hands and replaced them in her mother's medicine chest, whence, in due time, they returned again as gifts to Hamil.

"Dear Mrs. Cardross," he said, taking a vacant chair beside her hammock, "I really am perfectly well and perfectly acclimated, and I enjoy every moment of the day whether here as your guest or in the saddle with your husband or in the office over the plans——"

"But you are always at work!" she drawled; "we never see you."

"But that's why I am here," he insisted, smiling.

"Neville," she interrupted calmly; "no boy of his age ought to kill himself. Listen to me; when Neville and I were married we had very little, and he began by laying his plans to work every moment. But we had an understanding," she added blandly; "I explained that I did not intend to grow old with a wreck of a man. Now you may see the result of our understanding," nodding toward her amazingly youthful husband.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" observed Cardross, still looking through his field-glasses. "There's a baby-show next week and I'll enter if you like, my dear."

Mrs. Cardross smiled and took Hamil's hand flat between her fair, pudgy palms.

"We want you here," she said kindly, "*not* because it is a matter of convenience, but because we like you. Be a little more amiable, Mr. Hamil; you never give us a moment during the day or after dinner. You haven't been to a dance yet; you never go to the beach, you never motor or sail or golf. Don't you like my children?"

"Like them! I adore them," he said, laughing; "but how can——"

"I'm going to take him camping," observed Cardross, interrupting. "I want some duck-shooting; don't *you*, Hamil?"

"Of course I do, but——"

"Then we start to-morrow for the woods——"

"I won't let you," interposed his wife; "you'll talk that boy to death with your plans and surveys!"

"No, I'll promise to talk shooting every moment, and do a little of it, too. What do you say, Hamil? Gray will go with us. Are you game?"

"I'd love to, but I promised Malcourt that——"

"Oh, nonsense! Louis can wait for you to go North and lay out Mr. Portlaw's park. I've the first call on you; I've got you for the winter here——"

"But Portlaw says——"

"Oh, bother Mr. Portlaw! We'll take him along, too, if he can tear himself away from the Beach Club long enough to try less dangerous game."

Since Malcourt's arrival he and Portlaw had joyously waded into whatever gayety offered, neck-deep; Portlaw had attached himself to the club with all the deliberation of a born gourmet and a hopeless gambler; Malcourt roamed society and its suburbs, drifting from set to set and from coterie to coterie, always an opportunist, catholic in his taste, tolerant of anything where pretty women were inclined to be amiable. And they often were so inclined.

For his own curiosity he even asked to be presented to the redoubtable Mrs. Van Dieman, and he returned at intervals to that austere conservatory of current gossip and colonial tradition partly because it was policy, socially, partly because, curiously enough, the somewhat transparent charms of Virginia Suydam, whom he usually met there, interested him—enough to make him remember a provocative glance from her slow eyes—very slow, deeply-lidded eyes, washed with the tint of the sea when it is less blue than green. And the curious side of it was that Malcourt and Virginia had met before, and he had completely forgotten. It was difficult to tell whether she had. He usually remembered women who looked at him like that, tucking them away in his mental list to be investigated later. He had quite a little list in his mental archives of women, wedded and otherwise, who interested him, agreeably or otherwise. Neither Mrs. Carrick nor Cecile was on that list. Shiela was—and had been for two years.

. . . . . .

Hamil, sitting on the terrace beside Mrs. Cardross, became very busy with his notebook as soon as that languid lady resumed her book.

"If you're going to import wild boar from Germany," he said to Cardross, "you'll have to fence in some ten miles square—a hundred square miles!—or they'll take to the Everglades."

"I'm going to," returned that gentleman calmly. "I wish you'd ask McKenna to figure it out. I'll supply the cypress, of course."

Hamil leaned forward, a little thrilled with the colossal scheme. He never could quite become accustomed to the vast scale on which Cardross undertook things.

"That will make a corking preserve," he said. "What do you suppose is in there now?"

"Some bears and deer, a few lynx, perhaps one or two panthers. The boar will hold their own—if they can stand the summer—and I'm sure they can. The alligators, no doubt, will get some of their young when they breed. I shall start with a hundred couple when you're ready for them. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Office work," replied Hamil, rising and looking at his marl-stained puttees and spurs. Then he straightened up and smiled at Mrs. Cardross, who was gently shaking her head, saying:

"The young people are at the bathing beach; I wish you'd take a chair and go down there—to please me, Mr. Hamil."

"Come, Hamil," added Cardross airily, "take a few days off—on yourself. You've one thing yet to learn: it's only the unsuccessful who are too busy to play."

"But what I'm doing is play," remonstrated the young man good-humoredly. "Well—I'll go to the beach then." He looked at the steam-jets above the forest, fumbled with his notebook, caught the eye of Mrs. Cardross, put away the book, and took his leave laughingly.

"We go duck-shooting to-morrow," called out Cardross after him.

Hamil halted in the doorway to protest, but the elder man waved him away; and he went to his room to change riding-clothes for flannels and sponge the reek of horse and leather from his person.

The beach was all ablaze with the brilliant colors of sunshades, hats and bathing-skirts. Hamil lost no time in getting into his swimming-suit; and, as he emerged, tall, cleanly built, his compact figure deeply tanned where exposed, Portlaw, waddling briskly toward the ocean, greeted him with the traditional: "Come on! It's fine!" and informed him furthermore that "everybody" was there.

CHAPTER VIII

EVERYBODY seemed to be there, either splashing about in the Atlantic, or playing ball on the beach, or congregated along the sands observant of the jolly, riotous scene sparkling under the magnificence of a cloudless sky.

Hamil nodded to a few people as he sauntered toward the surf; he stopped and spoke to his aunt and Colonel Vetchen, who informed him that Virginia and Cuyp were somewhere together chastely embracing the ocean; he nodded to old Classon, who, with a débutante, was toddling along the wet sands in a costume which revealed considerable stomach; he saw Malcourt, knee-deep, hovering around Shiela, yet missing nothing of what went on around him, particularly wherever the swing of a bathing-skirt caught his quick, handsome eyes.

Then Cecile stretched out an inviting hand to him from the water and he caught it, and together they hurled themselves head first into the surf, swimming side by side out to the raft.

"It's nice to see you again," said the girl. "Are you going to be agreeable now and go about with us? There's a luncheon at two—your fair friend, Virginia Suydam, has asked us, much to our surprise—but after that I'm quite free if you've anything to propose."

She looked up at him, pink and fresh as a wet rose, balanced there on the edge of the rocking raft.

"Anything to propose?" he repeated; "I don't know; there's scarcely anything I wouldn't propose to you. So you're going to Virginia's luncheon?"

"*I* am; Shiela won't." She frowned. "It's just as it was two years ago when Louis Malcourt tagged after her every second. It's stupid, but we can't count on them any more."

"Does—does Malcourt ——"

"Tag after Shiela? Haven't you seen it? You've been too busy to notice. I wish you wouldn't work every minute. There was the jolliest sort of a dance at the O'Haras' last night—while you were fast asleep. I know you were, because old Jonas told mother you had fallen asleep in your chair with your head among a pile of blueprints. On my way to the dance I wanted to go in and tie one of Shiela's cunning little lace morning caps under your chin, but Jessie wouldn't go with me. They're perfectly sweet and madly fashionable—these little Louis XVI caps. I'll show you one some day."

For a few moments the girl rattled on capriciously, swinging her stockinged legs in the smooth green swells that rose above her knees along the raft's edge; and he sat silent beside her, half-listening, half-preoccupied, his eyes instinctively searching the water's edge beyond.

"I—hadn't noticed that Louis Malcourt was so devoted to your sister," he said.

Cecile looked up quickly, but detected only amiable indifference in the young fellow's face.

"They're always together; *elle s'affiche à la fin!*" she said impatiently. "Shiela was only eighteen before; she's twenty now, and old enough to know whether she wants to marry a man like that or not."

Hamil glanced around at her incredulously. "Marry *Malcourt?*"

But Cecile went on headlong in the wake of her own ideas.

"He's a sort of a relative; we've always known him. He and Gray used to go camping in Maine and he often spent months in our house. But for two years now he's been comparatively busy—he's Mr. Portlaw's manager, you know—and we've seen nothing of him—which was quite agreeable to me."

Hamil rose, unquiet. "I thought *you* were rather impressed by Shiela," continued the girl. "I really did think so, Mr. Hamil."

"Your sister predicted that I'd lose my heart and senses to *you*," said Hamil, laughing and reseating himself beside her.

"Have you?"

"Of course I have. Who could help it?"

The girl considered him smilingly.

"You're the nicest of men," she said. "If you hadn't been so busy I'm certain we'd have had a desperate affair. But—as it is—and it makes me perfectly furious—I have only the most ridiculously commonplace and comfortable affection for you—the sort which prompts mother to send you quinine and talcum powder ——"

"I May Some Day Require It as a Novelty to Distract Me—So I'll Wait"

Balanced there side by side they fell to laughing, looking directly into one another's eyes.

"Sentiment? Yes," she said; "but oh! it's the kind that offers witch-hazel and hot-water bottles to the best-beloved! Mr. Hamil, *why* can't we flirt comfortably like sensibly frivolous people?"

"I wish we could, Cecile."

"I wish so, too, Garret. No, that's too formal—Garry! There, *that* ends our chances!"

"You're the jolliest family I ever knew," he said. "You can scarcely understand how pleasant it has been for me to camp on the edges of your fireside and feel the home-warmth a little—now and then ——"

"Why do you remain so aloof, then?"

"I don't mean to. But my whole heart is in this business of your father's—the more deeply in because of his kindness—and your mother's—and for all your sakes. You know I can scarcely realize it—I've been with you only a month, and yet you've done so much for me—received me so simply, so cordially—that the friendship seems to be of years instead of hours."

"That is the trouble," sighed Cecile; "you and I never had a chance to be frivolous; I'm no more self-conscious with you than I am with Gray. Tell me, why was Virginia Suydam so horrid to us at first?"

Hamil reddened. "You mustn't ask me to criticise my own kin," he said.

"No," she said, "you couldn't do that. . . . And Miss Suydam has been more civil recently. It's a mean, low and suspicious thing to say, but I suppose it's because but I don't think I'll say it, after all."

"It's nicer not to," said Hamil. They both knew perfectly well that Virginia's advances were anything but disinterested. For, alas! even the men of her own *entourage* were now gravitating toward the Cardross family; Van Tassel Cuyp was continually wrinkling his nose and fixing his dead-blue eyes in that direction; little Colonel Vetchen circled busily round and round that centre of attraction; even Courtlandt Classon evinced an inclination to toddle that way. Besides, Louis Malcourt had arrived; and Virginia had never quite forgotten Malcourt who had made one at a house party in the Adirondacks some years since, although even when he again encountered her, Malcourt had retained no memory of the slim, pallid girl who had for a week been his fellow-guest at Portlaw's huge camp on Luckless Lake.

"Virginia Suydam is rather an isolated girl," said Hamil thoughtfully. "She lives alone, and it is not very gay for a woman alone in the world; not the happiest sort of life. . . . Virginia has always been very friendly to me—always. I hope you will find her amusing."

"I'm going to her luncheon," said Cecile calmly. "It's quite too absurd for her to feel any more doubt about us socially than we feel about her. That is why I am going. Shall we swim?"

He rose; she clasped his offered hand and sprang to her feet, ready for the water again. But at that instant Malcourt's dark, handsome head appeared on the crest of a surge close by, and the next moment that young gentleman scrambled aboard the raft, breathing heavily.

"Hello, Cecile!" he gasped. "Hello, Hamil! Shiela thought it must be you, but I was skeptical. Whew! That isn't much of a swim; I must be out of condition ——"

"Late hours, cards and highballs," observed Cecile scornfully. "You're horridly smooth and fat, Louis."

Malcourt turned to Hamil. "Glad to see you've emerged from your shell at last. The rumor is that you're working too hard."

"There's no similar rumor concerning you," observed Cecile, who had never made any pretense of liking Malcourt. "Please swim out to sea if you've nothing more interesting to tell us. I've just managed to decoy Mr. Hamil here, and I'd like to converse with him in peace."

Malcourt balanced himself easily on the raft's pitching edge and glanced at her with that amiably bored expression characteristic of him when rebuffed by a woman. On such occasions his eyes resembled the half-closed orbs of a teased but patient cat, and Cecile had once told him so.

"There's a pretty rumor afloat concerning your last night's performance at the Beach Club," said the girl disdainfully. "A boy like you making himself conspicuous by his gambling!"

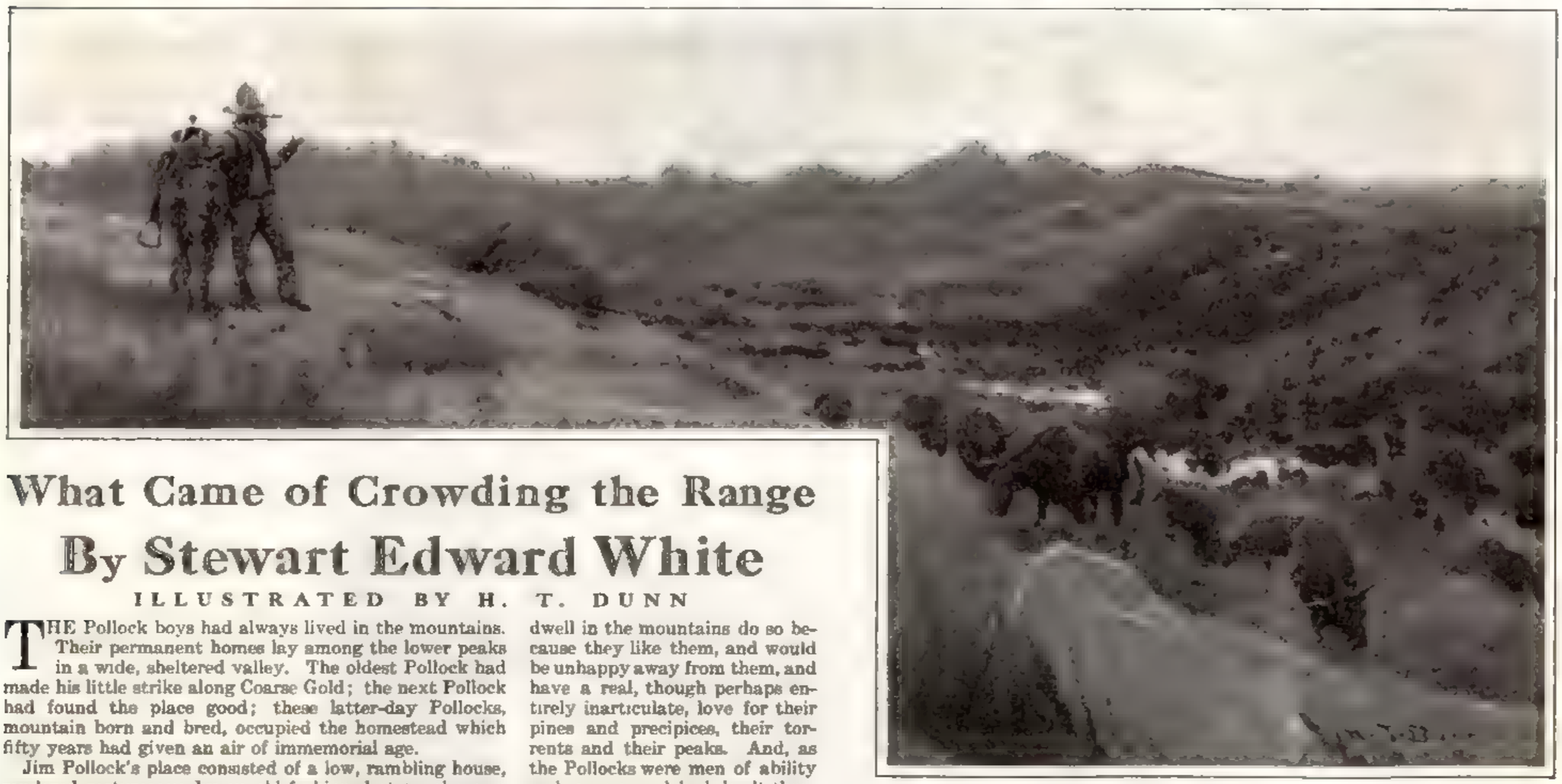
Malcourt winced, but as the girl had apparently heard nothing to his discredit except about his gambling, he ventured an intelligent, sidelong glance at Hamil.

The latter looked at him inquiringly; Malcourt laughed.

"You haven't been to the Beach Club yet, have you, Hamil? I'll get you a card if you like."

(Continued on Page 30

THE POLLOCK BOYS



Up into the Pines They Traveled Slowly

What Came of Crowding the Range

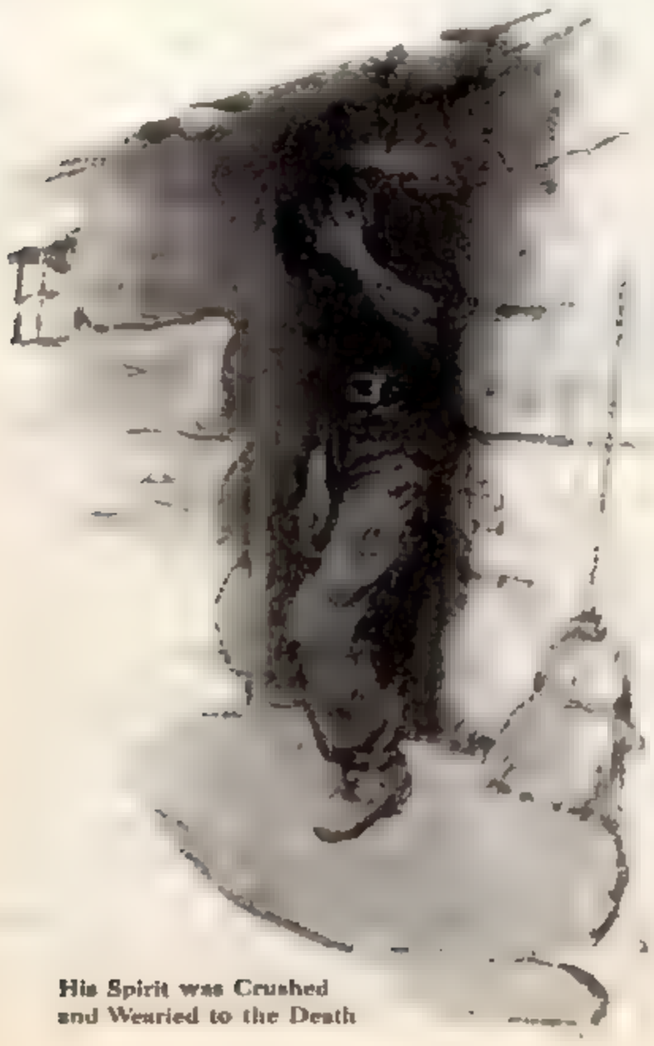
By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE Pollock boys had always lived in the mountains. Their permanent homes lay among the lower peaks in a wide, sheltered valley. The oldest Pollock had made his little strike along Coarse Gold; the next Pollock had found the place good; these latter-day Pollocks, mountain born and bred, occupied the homestead which fifty years had given an air of immemorial age.

Jim Pollock's place consisted of a low, rambling house, rendered picturesque by an old-fashioned stone chimney and innumerable vines, an orchard, a vineyard, a ten-acre grain field, a barn and a most elaborate system of corrals. The latter were the most important feature of the place, and logically so, for the Pollock boys were cattlemen above all else.

This statement would not impress an Arizonan. The entire holdings consisted of probably four hundred head of half-wild stock. From them, however, the Pollock boys gained a comfortable livelihood both for themselves and their two handsome wives and the swarms of little Pollocks belonging to George, the elder. Jim and his wife had as yet no children. A comfortable livelihood consisted of an abundance of plain food; enough money to pay for taxes and a few other advantages of civilization, and the privilege of living in the mountains. For, mark you this: the mountains are never very far from the plains. A man can ride to the flat country in two days, or even in one, if he is in haste. It follows that those who dwell in the mountains do so because they like them, and would be unhappy away from them, and have a real, though perhaps entirely inarticulate, love for their pines and precipices, their torrents and their peaks. And, as the Pollocks were men of ability and energy, and had dwelt three generations in the hills, it must be assumed that they had become hill-men to their marrow.



His Spirit was Crushed and Wearied to the Death

As soon as the snows receded in the spring the Pollocks, in company with the Carrolls and the Mortons and others of their widely-scattered neighbors, gathered their cattle and departed for the higher country. Up into the pines they traveled slowly with their lowing, restless charges, and beyond. Shouting, crashing through the brush, plunging blindly down the sides of mountains, they rode, holding the herds together. Their dogs, wise and experienced, were worth two men apiece. In the back country they separated, throwing the cattle broadcast through the country, leaving them to hunt out the hidden rich meadows, to wander at large over the ridges in search of browse, to clamber up even to the granites and snows for reward of sweet bunch grass. The animals had a kingdom of labyrinths spread out for their will. They became fat and sleek and beautiful, and as wild as the deer that grazed among them.

In the mean time the Pollocks and their friends repaired to the pleasant meadows, where the fish-haunted streams branched and branched again between sod banks; where the grasses were enameled thick with wild flowers; where on the little knolls the pines and firs and cedars grew thick and cool; where the granite domes reared their glacier-smoothed slopes in strange isolation; where the more distant mountains showed pale rose and white between the branches of trees, and where the sky was very blue. Here they turned loose their bands of horses, repaired the log-fence pens in which their camps were pitched, piled their supplies of provisions and stock salt on elevated platforms, and settled down for the summer. It never rained. All day the sun sailed clear in the blue. With twilight came the cold from the distant snowpeaks. They built great fires from the abundance of the pitchy, dead lodge-pole pine, and smoked pipes and exchanged yarns. At night they slept soundly under the frosty stars of the high altitudes.

Since the cattle had a principality over which to roam, and since later it would be necessary to gather them before the snows, all these men rode constantly hither and yon and roundabout, looking. Each cow they knew by sight, and where it belonged and whence it had strayed and when. Salt logs they replenished. The horses, climbing constantly up and down and in and out, came to know the country as well as did the men who bestrode them. So did the dogs, following demurely at heel. The latter had now little to do. Occasionally, however, a chance encounter with a bear furnished excitement.

So the summer passed. Then in the east and north, along the peaks, lay great black thunderheads. The forest fell strangely still as the birds departed. Azaleas bordering the meadows turned yellow and orange and red. The aspens detached themselves from the uniformity of the woods by the pale brilliance of their foliage. In contrast, the great pines showed for the first time their true height, towering gigantic above the ordinary-sized trees. In the cool, silent darkness of the forest depths flamed patches of crimson where the dogwoods had turned. Not a breath of air stirred even the loftiest tops of the pines. The horses, heretofore contented alternately to feed and slumber in lazy idleness, now became restless. They moved often from one part of the meadow to another. They raised their heads to gaze fixedly into the distance. And through the silenced forest sounded and resounded again the long, musical lowing of the cattle answering the call of their instincts for the lower country.

Through the short autumn days the cowmen rode hard, gathering the stock. Down the steeps of the mountains, through the cañons, over the forests of the plateaus, up the steeps of the mountains again they went, driving before them the restless herds. The night's camp found them many miles on their journey and a thousand feet or so lower down. At length they poured over the last of the high ridges and down to the lower undulating mountains where were roads instead of trails, brown grass instead of green, oaks and digger-pines and chaparral instead of the noble trees of the sugar-pine belt, cabins instead of the open camps. The dust of their going rose like smoke about them.

At an agreed point some miles above Pollocks' they cut the cattle, each man taking his own. On the home ranges the animals, fat and hearty from their summer among the sweet, strong grasses of the higher altitudes, fell to the brown feed that had been preserved for them. The Pollocks drove their two or three score head of beef cattle to market. There still remained of the year the fruitful period of the rains wherein one might grow barley hay for horses and the market, chop wood, and carry on otherwise the interesting and strenuous tasks of a border existence. The life was simple, vigorous, pastoral.

II

ONE spring Jim Pollock came riding in to George's place somewhat earlier than usual, and found his brother.

"Here's somethin' to figure on," said Jim. "Over west there's dust comin'. Look's like it was a heap of sheep or cattle, headed through here."

George caught up a horse and the two rode together down the road. From the top of the swell the dust became visible—a cloud of it, like the smoke from a great fire. As they neared it this cloud gradually dropped. They found a camp under preparation in the bottom land, and the cattle spreading over the brown hills for a night's feed and rest.

"They's easy five thousand of them," said Jim to his brother.

They rode up to the camp. A dozen sweating, dusty men were unpacking some mules. Another was building a fire. They looked hot and tired, but their good nature was only slightly worn, and their hospitality without flaw.

"Hello, boys," they called. "Hitch them old buzzards to the ground and have a feed."

The Pollocks dismounted and approached the new-lighted fire, where they waited in silence to see what this incursion might mean. When the preparations were finished they ate. Only after the meal, when the tired men rested, did they open the subject of their curiosity.

"What outfit is this, boys?" asked Jim.

"Belongs to Wright," replied the nearest cowboy, naming a man who owned a large part of California, and who had the reputation of having acquired a good share of it by very questionable methods.

"Where you going—to the East Side?"

"East Side! No! Couldn't get through the snow. We're just summering in the mountains."

"Whereabouts?"

"Up in the Jackass country somewhere. Wherever the feed is good."

"That's where we go ourselves."

"That so?" said the cowboy. "Say, that's fine. Hope we camp somewhere near you. Any bear? How many head do you run back there?"

"About four hundred."

The cowboy cast a lazy eye at the dim mass of the cattle against the skyline.

"We've got a pretty big outfit ourselves," he commented with elaborate carelessness. "This is just a little bunch of extras the old man didn't have room for on his summer feed. We run about fifty thousand head usually."

"Ain't you a little early for the mountains?" ventured Jim. "The feed ain't hardly started yet."

"Oh, they'll scratch along till she does get started."

"But it's so soft this early; they'll tromp down and spoil a lot."

The cowboy shrugged his shoulders.

"Cattle stand a heap of grief; and they'll pick up later," he stated. "The old man told us to go."

III

JIM'S remark, however, had its effect. The majordomo of the outfit decided to loiter through the foothills until the quick-growing grasses of the mountains should have had a chance to respond to the sun. This did not suit the mountain men at all.

"Look here," said Jim Pollock to the foreman. "Don't you know you're eating down all our next winter's feed? What are we going to do when we come down in the fall?"

"This your land?" inquired the cowman tersely.

"No; but it's my range," replied Jim, and "I've always grazed it; and my father before me."

"Government land," replied the other. "We got as much right as you have here. Go talk to Uncle Sam."

The dissatisfaction incident to this state of affairs was soon dissipated by the exodus to the higher mountains. Shelby, Wright's foreman, was a good-natured and well-meaning man, with the professional cowboy's rough sense of justice. This was sometimes obscured by his loyalty to his outfit and the grazer's determination to get feed for his stock; but, in the main, he tried to tread on no one's toes, and he really wanted to get off the mountaineers' winter feed as soon as he could. Accordingly, when his riders reported sufficient recession of the snow, he resumed his journey.

That summer marked a new order of things in the mountains. The Pollock boys and their neighbors had thrown on the range as many cattle as they could buy. Since they were men of limited means, that counted many less than the range was capable of supporting; which, in turn, meant fat cattle. Now the incursion of five thousand aliens on feed already comfortably stocked made all the difference between plenty and just enough. Toward fall the meadows were eaten close to the roots, the bunch grass was all cropped away, and the cattle, searching for browse that grew scarcer and scarcer, wandered far and wide over the peaks. They had to be rounded up and driven out a month earlier than usual, and they came to their depleted winter ranges lean and muscular.

Shelby, with Wright's cattle, returned to the great ranches in the valley. The condition of the cattle, provided they were healthy and not too much run down, was a matter of little moment to him. He did not fatten his beef in the mountains. On his return to the ranch he cut out the beef cattle and turned them into the irrigated alfalfa.

In accordance with his report, old man Wright resolved, in the following season, to send three thousand head more. Free feed was acceptable to the Wright pocket.

IV

MEANWHILE, the mountaineers did much talking over the situation. It was finally agreed that Jim Pollock should ride down to the town for the purpose of laying the case before the superintendent, the ex-Reverend Dr. Smith. Accordingly he put on his best clothes, saddled his best horse and departed.

The ex-Reverend Dr. Smith was a kindly man with a long white beard and a gentle blue eye. He was absolutely honest, quite well-meaning, and a steady if not efficient worker. The tall mountaineer stood before him, hat in hand, position awkward, blue eyes steady. On invitation he sat down and stated his case.

"And it don't seem it's noways right, somehow," he ended. "The ranges is overstocked the way it is now. The meadows are all eat close by the end of August. It sends us out a month too early. The permits ought to be reduced."

The ex-Reverend Dr. Smith listened with attention, nodding his head and stroking his long beard. When Jim had finished his recital the superintendent leaned forward and laid his large, white hand on the mountaineer's knee.

"I'm glad you came to me personally," he said, "very glad. It is difficult to know what to do unless people will take the pains to inform me. Ordinarily they are content to talk against the Government among themselves and then to let dissension rankle, when a few moments' conversation with any of the officers would set the matter right. If the range is overstocked the grazing permits will be reduced in number."

Satisfied with this assurance Jim Pollock returned to the mountains. The ex-Reverend Dr. Smith made a note, and there the matter rested until, in January, it came time to issue the grazing permits for the ensuing season.

Now Simeon Wright was a shrewd old citizen. He had not acquired a million acres or so of good public land from a recumbent position. Instead of applying by letter for the permission of which he stood in desire, he took the trouble to visit Big Bend in person. The ex-Reverend Dr. Smith, seated at his desk, turned to greet the impressive, well-clothed bulk, the close-clipped, iron-gray beard and the cold eyes of the great ranch owner.

Now this is a curious fact: before the entrance of Simeon Wright the ex-Reverend Dr. Smith had entertained for him a lofty scorn and contempt. That he had acquired most of his land fraudulently was well known; that he was absolutely ruthless in his business methods was common talk; that he had ever evinced a generous impulse was denied. Little old Doctor Smith had long congratulated himself on his Christianlike qualities in apposition to Simeon Wright; had long burned with an honest indignation as he read of the rich man's insolent public aggressions. Yet, when Simeon Wright entered the office he was conscious of a glow of pride at coming into personal contact with the Mighty One; until Simeon Wright seated himself he unconsciously stood in deference; and when Simeon Wright opened the subject of his visit he experienced a genuine flutter in offering opposition.

"I came," began Wright impressively, "about the grazing permits for next season. Here are the applications."

The superintendent took the documents.

"I am afraid I shall have to reduce your number, Mr. Wright," he said nervously.

Wright drew his heavy brows together.

"And why is that, may I ask?" he inquired, after a perceptible pause.

"It is a question of overstocking," explained Doctor Smith, summoning a certain official air of omniscience. "The ranges have been overstocked."

"On the contrary," asserted Wright, "they have been understocked. I am asking for three thousand head more."

"Impossible," cried the superintendent. "It would crowd the mountain men off the range!"

Wright's portentous manner broke. He hit his knee a resounding slap, and crossed one leg over the other.

"Well, Doctor," said he, "the joke's on you, too, is it? Those old mossbacks would fool a saint. They buffaloed me for a good while, and I'm a pretty old bird, too."

"What do you mean?" asked Smith, bewildered by this sudden change of manner.

"Why, you got this idea from the mountain men themselves, didn't you?"

"I am acting on their complaints."

"Exactly. Well, I used to believe them. Then I sent a man to investigate. They're the greatest hogs in the country. They own a few hundred head of cattle apiece and they want to hog all the grazing of the whole reserve. Why? Just because they happen to be on the spot. Nobody objects to their getting their share. But we do object to their feeding their cattle hog-fat and then leaving enough feed behind them to have kept five thousand head. It isn't right. The reserves are for the best use of the public. And the more beef they can support the richer the country is. Isn't that so?"

"Oh, surely," agreed the superintendent, delighted to be able to seize upon an open-and-shut proposition of any kind.

"Well, then," concluded Wright, "you don't mean to say you're going to let a lot of old shellbacks like them dictate the policy of this Government, do you?"

"I want to be fair," said Doctor Smith, "but I don't know ——"

"That's what I object to," broke in Wright. "You don't know. Find out from somebody on your force. Who's your supervisor up there?"

"Plant."

"Oh, yes, sure," said Wright, who already knew perfectly. "Well, get him to send you a report on the grazing."

"I will," said the old Doctor, the perplexity fading from his brow.

V

SIMEON WRIGHT summoned Plant without ceremony. He knew the fat man and all about him, and did not consider it worth while to use the circumlocution necessary with the ex-Reverend Dr. Smith. The latter was honest, even if vacillating, weak and propitiatory.

The supervisor's cart jogged into the commodious inclosures of the great ranch which represented only one of Simeon Wright's numerous headquarters. Powdered thick with dust, and perspiring with the unaccustomed heat of the valley, Plant descended stiffly, and without pause sought the great man's vine-shaded quarters.

"Sit down," said Wright authoritatively. "Have a drink—you need it after that long drive. Sorry to ask you to take it, but I'm too busy to get away just now."

(Concluded on Page 29)

The Dust of Their Going Rose Like Smoke About Them

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Looking for the Villain

A GOOD many brewers feel aggrieved just now. One of them has publicly expressed a notion that the onslaught upon the liquor traffic was devised and fostered by the Standard Oil Company for the purpose of distracting public attention from rebates and other painful phenomena of the petroleum monopoly.

Another propounds this conundrum: "Why is the Steel Trust backing the prohibition movement?"

Unassisted, we should, of course, have to give it up; but the answer is supplied thus: "Because the trust wishes internal revenue receipts so reduced that the Government will be obliged to retain high import duties in order to get sufficient income."

We mention this merely by way of suggesting how the concept of a personal devil persists in the human mind. Being in ill luck and unhappy these brewers naturally look about for the arch villain who, with conscious malice, contrived their misfortune. Whoever, in that manner, seeks a malignant author of his unhappiness will always find one by simply letting his resentment act freely upon his imagination. There is still no end of hypotheses attributing the late panic to the machinations of this or that small group.

The fact is that practically all men are very honest-meaning, simple-minded creatures, incapable of maliciously designing anybody's ruin. Probably, there is more of cold-blooded, devilish contrivance in a half-dozen Sherlock Holmes stories than there is actually afloat in the whole world.

The Local Fire-Trap

IS THERE a schoolhouse in your town, or a theatre or public hall or hotel, that is flimsily built, or without broad stairs and proper exits, or with an improperly installed heating or lighting plant, or that may be found at times with the doors barred and the aisles packed and with no facilities for fighting fire at hand?

Out of every thousand fire-traps a certain number will be sprung in the ensuing twelve months. This, in the aggregate, is a matter of certainty rather than of chance. So long as there are fire-traps, some victims there will be every year. If the fire-trap is in your town, you and your children and your friends simply lie at hazard, continually offering yourselves against whatever the odds may be.

This risk is by no means confined to cities, as events of quite recent date have tragically shown. Perhaps to-day the bigger the city the smaller the risk, for the cities have been scourged to greater intelligence in devising and enforcing proper building laws. Look to your own town.

Shaking the Plum Tree

WASTE of trust funds in bankruptcy cases is coming in some day for the same sort of excoriation which astonished a number of life-insurance officers when they were branded and kicked out for practices which they had indulged so long without protest that they rather thought everybody must approve them.

For five months' services, each of the three receivers of a New York trust company was recently allowed seventy-five thousand dollars—at the rate, say, of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or some thirty times the salary of the judge whose subordinates they were and who was finally responsible for administering the estate. Each of three lawyers was allowed twenty-five thousand dollars.

We refer to this case not because it is exceptional, but for a precisely contrary reason. Waste is the rule rather than the exception.

An important receivership is rather generally regarded and treated as a plum. To attach some receptive gentlemen thereto is looked upon as a sort of social duty. Appointing two or three receivers to do the work of one, and paying each of them an absurdly large fee, is a common practice.

Loading up unfortunate creditors and stockholders with a galaxy of high-priced lawyers, who thereupon double their prices, is a familiar feature.

As with life insurance under the old régime, the bankrupt estate isn't anybody's in particular, so why not be generous with it? Waste in this regard is so common that it is taken as a matter of course. Until there is a sufficiently large and vigorous protest, it will continue to be a matter of course.

An Academic Trust

IN EDUCATION, also, competition involves waste. There are in the United States about eight hundred and fifty institutions designated as colleges or universities. Of this number nearly two hundred bear the higher-sounding name, and enjoy annual incomes ranging from five thousand dollars up to a million and a half.

After a five-thousand-dollar university has paid the janitor, its educational efficiency must be rather negligible. The money, obviously, would be better spent in annually renewing the paint on some real school. And even the best and richest of the universities do to some extent tread on one another's heels. Parts of their post-graduate and research work could well be consolidated. One might thereby score upon another by some achievement which attracted unusual attention; but in the pure, disinterested search for truth ought that to count?

Perhaps the form in which schools are endowed is unfortunate. Consolidation of a number of notably weak Southern colleges is urged; one, for example, possessing property of a total value of twenty thousand dollars; another having grounds and buildings but not a cent of cash.

Deeds of gift frequently preclude consolidation. If the donor simply took stock, as in a commercial enterprise, we should probably already have had a useful coördination of many institutions of learning through the familiar device of a New Jersey holding company.

A good many exceptionally able men, it is true, came from small and weak colleges. Because they overcame the handicap is no argument in favor of the handicap.

A Word from the Fathers

DIFFERENCES between the Republican Governor of New York and the nominal leaders of the Republican party in that State attract much attention.

In Illinois the Republican House of Representatives has formally recorded its opinion that the Republican Governor's administration of civil service "presents to the public an outward mask sanctified and beautiful, while within is seen the contemptuous, grinning sneer of the skeleton of corrupt practices."

In the same State the exigencies which finally landed the Bryan Democrats within the bosom of the Sullivan Democracy are well known.

It is obvious that gentlemen who are guided respectively by the undying principles of Hamilton and of Jefferson could never assume positions so antagonistic if there were not some obscurity in the principles themselves.

Hamilton is clearly in favor of a strong central government, but as to whether the old Republican machine in Illinois, or the newer organization, should have the most offices he does not actually say a word. Neither does he anywhere leave a definite opinion as to whether race-track gambling should continue in New York.

Jefferson, similarly, believes in a large measure of popular control, but you will search his writings in vain for a categorical answer to the question whether a party in any State should be inspired, guided and nourished from the headquarters of a trust.

This point is especially pertinent just now, when you are about to be exhorted to vote for So-and-So in compliance with the immortal doctrines of the Fathers. If you will take the trouble to look it up, you will find that, in fact, the Fathers were thinking of far other things. Oddly enough, one of the things they thought was that organization of the Union under the Constitution would reduce or remove the evil of political parties or factions.

Boosting Freight Rates

"AT A TIME when all signs point to complete restoration of business activity," says a call to arms issued by a powerful association of shippers, railroads give notice of an intention to advance freight rates about ten per cent., east of the Mississippi River, taking effect July 1.

The shippers propose seeing what they can do about it.

During the first quarter of this year, railroad gross earnings fell off at the rate of about three hundred millions a year; net earnings at the rate of about a hundred and seventy-five millions. These are big figures, but there are others

The Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt lines, for example, are the most important in the territory in which it is proposed to advance rates. In the first quarter, Pennsylvania's net earnings dwindled at the rate of nearly nine millions a year. But last year, after all operating expenses and charges, and seven per cent. dividends, there remained a surplus of $8,112,075. Already, in view of smaller revenue, the dividend has been reduced to six per cent.—a retrenchment of about three millions for the year. So that, if net earnings continue to show the same decrease as during the first quarter, the road still has a margin to go on.

The Vanderbilt lines, collectively of about the same extent as Pennsylvania, show a decrease in gross of nearly two millions for March; but, by greater economy in operation, net earnings show a slight increase.

This is not conclusive, but merely suggests how much room for argument the shippers have. A ten per cent. raise in freight rates means a tax of two hundred million dollars—two-thirds as much as the Government derives from the tariff. A levy of that magnitude must have the sanction of disinterested authority.

If the railroads actually need the raise, they will have to rely upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to get it for them. They must learn—and we believe they are learning—to draw nigh to that body instead of shying off from it as in the past.

The Small Savings Account

GERMANY, Australia, New Zealand, Switzerland, Norway and Denmark beat us by a good margin in the matter of average amount of savings-bank deposits per inhabitant.

Banking methods in the various countries differ, of course, but there is at all times much money afloat in this country that might be attracted into banks and so augment the country's available cash capital.

That three States—New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut—hold about two-thirds of all the savings deposits of the United States is well known. Chicago has about sixty per cent. of New York's population, something over half as many industrial employees and over half as great an annual wage disbursement, but her savings deposits are only one-eighth of those of the Eastern metropolis.

In all the South and between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast (excepting Iowa) savings deposits are so small as to be nearly negligible.

Here, it seems to us, is a rather promising field. Of late, more attention has been given to it. The number of banks actively and intelligently seeking savings deposits increases. But there are still great undeveloped possibilities. That the development need not be left to the Federal Government, through postal banks, is shown by what private initiative has done in the three States first mentioned. But, if nobody else will do it, the Government, finally, will.

Uncle Joe Explained

SPEAKER CANNON'S obstructive policy causes surprise.

Interested newspapers are inquiring why he will not let the House repeal the duty on wood pulp, as the President recommended.

He is charged with blocking the Appalachian Forest Reserve bill, emasculating the Interstate Commerce appropriation, and other rearward steps; whereupon arose a ridiculous surmise that the Speaker was trying to make himself unpopular.

A person of some skill in politics offers a more reasonable explanation. "In 1890," he says, "Mr. Cannon had been in public life some twenty years. During that time his name had never been associated in the public mind with any legislative act. Hence there was no vantage ground upon which criticism could plant itself, and while he retained that impregnable position he never knew defeat at the polls.

"But in 1890, most unfortunately, it became generally known among his constituents that he had voted for the McKinley tariff bill. The vote was extensively commented upon during the campaign, with the result that Mr. Cannon was defeated.

"Enlightened and fortified by this experience, he returned to Congress two years later, resolved never to commit the same error again. In the ensuing sixteen years the only act of a positive nature clearly traceable to him consisted of a joint resolution to adjourn, and this, as it happened, was highly popular at Danville. With such an irreproachable record, Mr. Cannon has triumphed at each recurring election, and the opposition has fairly abandoned hope."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Jolly Tar

CAN you picture to yourself that glorious morning when our sixteen superb scourges of the salty seas swept in stately show—there's a line for a circus poster that would make Tody Hamilton throw flipflaps—through the Golden Gate? Can you picture it? And can you picture Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy, clad in a high hat and a long coat, with a little white cord around the edge of his vest and a pearl-gray puff tie and beautiful spats, standing there receiving the homage of the fourteen thousand brave sailor boys on the ships, and Fighting Bob Evans, making fourteen thousand and one, all told—standing there while the patriotic citizens of San Francisco rent the quivering air with hoarse huzzas and figured on starting a little something in the way of beating a few Japs to a pulp now that the fleet was there and it was all right, anyhow?

Can you picture it, all you people living this side of the Rocky Mountains and thereby deprived of the inestimable privilege of welcoming the fleet, and cut off from the chance of charging the visiting jackies twelve dollars for a beefsteak and one-twenty for a chunk of pie? Going some, isn't it, for a Secretary of the Navy, representing an imperial people and an imperious President and whatever else we have, by and large, to be represented on this important occasion? And the more so, inasmuch as Victor H. Metcalf is a near-native son of the Golden West. Metcalf was born in Utica, New York, but hastened to the wonderful climate of California as soon as he felt the impelling, irresistible call, which occurred soon after he discovered practicing law in Utica, New York, was not what it was cracked up to be.

Furthermore, it was extremely fitting, conspicuously so, that Victor H. Metcalf should represent on this auspicious occasion, for California has had but three citizens in Presidential Cabinets, and of these three Victor H. Metcalf has been two, serving for a time at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, but not really coming into his own until that sturdy old salt, Charles J. Bonaparte, slipped his moorings and put into the Department of Justice, leaving the dock free for Metcalf to lay alongside, which he did as soon as Admiral T. Roosevelt issued the orders.

Armor Belt or Corn Belt

METCALF is of the sea, seasoned. This chasing after the Standard Oil Company, and putting it on E. H. Harriman, and trailing the Beef Trust to its lair, which was his work in the Department of Commerce, was mere piffle to Mariner Metcalf. He had served on the Committee of Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives for years, and he never was seasick when crossing from Oakland to San Francisco on the ferryboats. He knew the difference between an armor belt and the corn belt, and could distinguish, unerringly, between a superimposed turret and a conning tower, while fighting tops and bilge keels were so easy he picked them out in the dark.

Coming as he did with these qualifications it is not too much to say that Mr. Metcalf has made one of the best little Secretaries of the Navy we have had in some time; and that is high praise, for we certainly have had a goodly bunch of Secretaries of the Navy in the past seven years. There are those who say the President is determined to have more ships than any other President has ever had, and more Secretaries of the Navy. That is beside the mark, but the Navy has been well secretaried of late, without doubt. We started in, under Roosevelt, with John D. Long, who had been there with McKinley. Mr. Long was an ideal Secretary. He was at the head of the biggest fighting force of the country, and he was also president of the Peace Society, which proves him to be versatile and handy. However, it had so fallen out, previously, that Mr. Roosevelt had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Long. Mr. Roosevelt is not a member of the Peace Society. Whereupon, he soon fixed it so Mr. Long could devote all his time to peace and selected William H Moody for the job. Mr. Moody rattled around until it was imperative to get Paul Morton into the service of his Government, and Moody went over to the Department of Justice. Mr. Morton was a railroad man, and thought the proper thing to do with battleships was to put them on wheels, run them up on land and use them for forts. "I am not accustomed to transportation by water," was the way Mr. Morton might have put it; "but get those ships up on a track and I'll handle 'em all right, all right." Before this could be done there were loud cries for Mr. Morton to go to New York, loud cries that sounded like "Eighty thousand dollars a year!"—and he went.

Then came Charles J. Bonaparte, descendant of a prince, but doing his best to make the country forget it. By this time, when a naval officer met another the accustomed salutation was: "Good-morning. Who is Secretary now?" We were close to the record then, in the matter of Secretaries of the Navy in one Administration, and in order to tie Tyler, who had five, we sent Bonaparte into the Department of Justice, putting Moody on the Supreme Bench, and then accumulated Metcalf—Victor H. Metcalf, who stood and saw the ships come in through the Golden Gate.

Being Secretary of the Navy is not so arduous as might be supposed. A good, amiable Secretary can have an easy and comfortable time. It is thus way: Naval officers are celebrated as hard workers. They want to do it all. No matter how insistent a Secretary may be, he cannot get these wolves for work to let up. They demand occupation. To this end, the business of the Navy Department has been distributed among various bureaus, each headed by one of these industrious naval officers. Obviously, if these naval officers insist on doing all the work, there is nothing left for the Secretary of the Navy to do but affix his name when one of them comes down with a paper and says, in a nonchalant way: "Sign here."

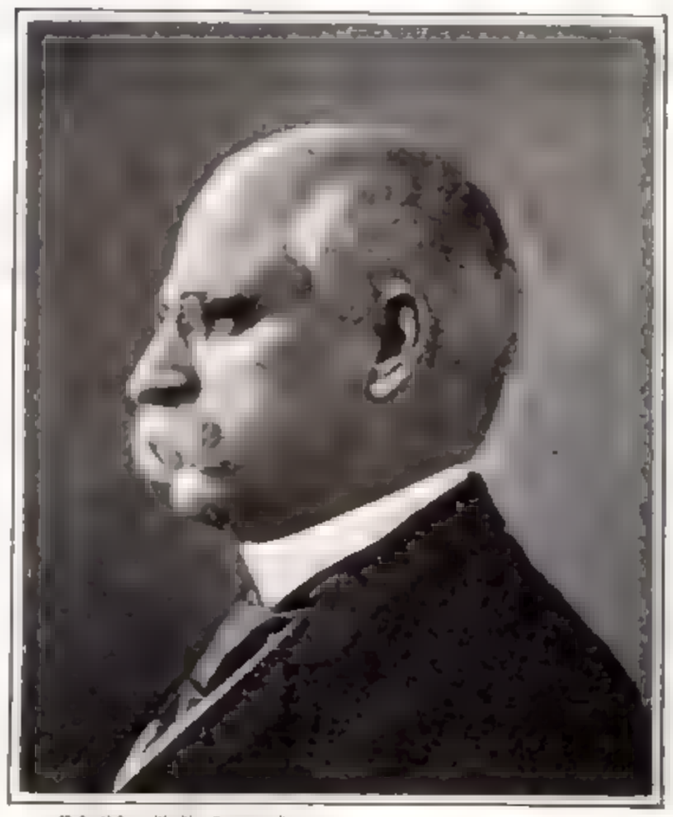
There is the Bureau of Navigation, for example. That is an insatiable organization. It will not be held in check. It simply insists on running the Navy Department, and what is a Secretary to do about it? Can he discharge the Bureau of Navigation? He cannot, for the Bureau of Navigation, and the men in it, were there before the Secretary arrived and will be there after he departs. They love their work and they must do as they please—oh, positively must. They recognize the fact that the Secretary is a civilian, and they are real polite and nice to him, but as for doing anything in the Bureau of Navigation the Secretary wants to do unless the Bureau wants to do it, also, that is so preposterous it is not to be thought of for a minute. The Bureau of Navigation knows, you know.

A Thoroughly Delightful Time

SECRETARIES have come to the Navy Department and struggled to find out for themselves what is going on. Mostly, they have failed, for the system is perfect. Still, there hasn't been much struggling of late years. It has been much simpler and much easier to give those industrious naval officers their own way. And, in addition, the Secretaries of the Navy have been serving with a President who was in the Navy Department himself for a time.

None of our latest Secretaries has got much beyond the rubber-stamp stage. Secretary Metcalf, being a cheerful, amiable person, has had a delightful time. He has had no worries and few responsibilities. All he has had to do has been what the President and the Bureau of Navigation told him to do. Cautious and conservative, he has invariably sought advice at the White House on every proposition. Nor has he ever failed to get the advice.

California should be proud of him, and California undoubtedly is, for—as we know—California has had but three Cabinet members, of whom Mr. Metcalf is two, the other being Joseph McKenna, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and wearing the only brannigans displayed by that distinguished body.



He Knew the Difference Between an Armor Belt and the Corn Belt, and Could Distinguish, Unerringly, Between a Superimposed Turret and a Conning Tower, While Fighting Tops and Bilge Keels Were so Easy He Picked Them Out in the Dark

Troubled Inland Waters

SOMEBODY asked Champ Clark, of Missouri, what he thought would be the outcome of the fight for free woodpulp in the House.

"Outcome?" snorted Clark. "Why, they will string it along as far as they can. There are some smart lawyers on that sub-committee. They know how to do things. A lawyer can find more ways to circumvent definite action than any other person in the world.

"I remember a case down in Missouri. Two farmers got into a row over a county ditch. They began lawing in a minor court. They had lawyers who knew a good thing. That was twenty years ago. Those lawyers have lived off it ever since. Last I heard of that ditch row it was in the Admiralty Court."

In Spite of the Supreme Court

COLONEL BLANK, a police magistrate of Toronto, has a local reputation for dispensing justice in his equity mill with no especial regard for the intricacies of the law. The Colonel is highly respected in the community. Every man gets equal and exact justice in his court. Sometimes the lawyers appeal from his decisions, claiming they are not based on the law as it stands on the books. The defense in a case of some moment appealed once, and kept on appealing until the court of last resort was reached. The Colonel came into his office one morning and was met by a legal friend.

"Good-morning, Colonel," said the friend; "I must congratulate your lordship this morning."

"What is the provocation?"

"Haven't you seen the morning papers? The Supreme Court has confirmed your judgment in the case of So-and-So."

"Well," the Colonel replied, as he drew off his gloves, "I still believe I'm right."

Not a Foreign Minister

THE Reverend Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the Senate, went over to the State Department a short time ago to see Secretary Root. He didn't know it was diplomatic day at the Department, when only diplomatists are received during certain hours.

He started to go into Secretary Root's office when a messenger stopped him.

"Are you a foreign minister?"

"No," replied Doctor Hale, "I am a domestic minister," and that settled that.

Every Eye on the Mint Drops

IT IS the practice of the United States Steel Corporation to put four hundred and fifty dollars in gold on the table whenever there is a meeting of the board of directors to be divided among the directors who attend.

One morning a time ago P. A. B. Widener awoke in his home in Philadelphia. He called his man. "James," he said, "what sort of a day is it?"

"Very bad, sir," James replied. "The snow is hover the 'edges and the storm is general. It is most stormy, sir, most stormy."

"Hum," said Widener. "Steel corporation directors' meeting to-day. James, I'll take the first train to New York. Not many of those fellows will be there."

Mr. Widener took the first train to New York.

When he arrived at the directors' room he discovered that he was the only one needed to make the first complete meeting of the board of directors which had ever been held up to that time.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Sutherland, of Utah, is the only Senator who was born in England.

¶ Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, reads detective stories for relaxation after a hard day in the Senate.

¶ Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador to this country, is an authority in English literature. His works on the subject weigh eleven pounds.

Something New-

A New Container fo

Many of HEINZ 57 Varieties—especially Preserves, Fruit B
HEINZ IMPROVED TIN (Enameled)—proven to be the cleanest,

We make these tins ourselves from heavy, double-coated plate.
surface that prevents all contact between metal and contents; thus insu
cause deterioration of food. It is especially advantageous in fruit produ
in sealing; the top and bottom are crimped on, making a hermetically

Thus, foods put up in HEINZ Improved Tin (Enameled) can u
conditions of any kind. This tin package is superior to glass because
perfect sterilization and is more economical. The HEINZ Products
same well-known quality as all of

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57 VAR

HEINZ Preserved Fruits. They are the same full-flavored, rich, heavy,
but choice fruit and pure granulated sugar. Do not confuse H
HEINZ are fruit preserves of the high standard of quality, cl
ated now, when the home stock is low and the price of fresh

HEINZ Apple Butter. A deliciously piquant spiced conserve that delig

HEINZ Peach Butter. Made of choice selected fruit; rich, finely flavor

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HEINZ Pure Fruit Jellies. Of the same goodness and quality as HE

In all of these the fine, fresh fruit flavor is kept intact by the HEINZ Im

Thirty thousand visitors annually pass through the HEINZ Kitchens. If you cannot come, let us send a copy of our interesting booklet on HEINZ 57—how good they are—how and where they are prepared.

—Enameled Tin

or HEINZ Products

utters, Jellies, etc.—can now be obtained in a new type of package—
surest and most satisfactory container fruit and vegetables can have.

The inside is further coated with a golden enamel, baked on, which forms a
ring freedom from discoloration, corrosion or other developments that may
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dergo no alteration of flavor; can show no taste of tin, no unwholesome
not only excludes light, but will withstand the degree of heat necessary to
named below are now packed in HEINZ Enameled Tins and are of the

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preserves you have heretofore purchased in glass or stone crocks. Contain nothing
HEINZ Preserved Fruits with the various sorts of commonly sold canned fruits.
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fruit high.

ts old and young—any meal, any time.

ed—a zest-giving spread for bread.

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NZ Jellies in glass. Only fine fruits and granulated sugar.

oved Tin (Enameled). Satisfaction, or grocer refunds purchase price.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

New York Pittsburgh Chicago London

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

IF AN ambitious showman were to come along and put the United States Congress on the stage, with the same cast that played all winter up on Capitol Hill, that showman would be embarrassed with an over-supply of soubrettes. He would be worried to find spot-lights for them all. And if he could not provide a stage that was nine-tenths centre the show would break up in a row before the first performance was half over.

Soubretting is one of the recognized side lines of lawmaking. Hardly a day passes when some statesman does not come pirouetting down to the centre of the House or Senate in the hope of attracting attention to himself and gathering his meed of kind applause. Most of our lawmakers are as keen for the spat-spat of approving hands as any high-heeled young person who comes on in the first act, wearing a feather-duster and a spangled silk dress, and does her parlor work by singing a coon song and dancing a few fancy steps. They watch for opportunities and grab them greedily. If opportunities do not occur frequently enough they go out and make them.

The business of being a Member of Congress, either in House or Senate, has various slants and angles, depending on local conditions, but is founded on a few eternal verities, to wit:

1. Every Senator and Representative is a statesman in Washington, but he is a politician back home.

2. The men who are reëlected are the men who remember that, while Washington is the Capital of the Nation and the Seat of Government, nobody who lives in the District of Columbia has a vote, and the people who march up to the ballot-boxes are the people in the districts.

3. Being a statesman is a grand and noble occupation, but it cuts no figure when compared to getting a new Federal building for the county seat.

4. Every member who desires to remain in public life must stand for a lot of things he does not believe in.

5. The man who beats the bass drum the hardest is generally the man who gets back the oftenest.

6. If you don't let your district know you are living, your district is pretty likely to think you are dead.

7. No matter how valuable a man's services to the nation may be there is always somebody who thinks his services would be more valuable.

Good and Bad Publicity Artists

There are some men in the Senate and the House who do not have to bother about what the people back home think, for the people back home always think right. Not many of the people on the Hill are so comfortably fixed. Competition is keen. It is more of an honor to be a Senator or a Representative at home than it is in Washington, for Washington has the whole aggregation here much of the time and is rather blasé about these great persons. Thus, when a statesman gets up and performs Washington takes but languid interest in the operation, knowing exactly what it is all about, and thus, further, the various performances that go on, now and again, have come to be called soubretting.

It is well known, and any statesman will tell you, that he cares nothing for the newspapers. He is content to do his duty and let it go at that, confident he will be given proper credit by history. Still, history is somewhat slow in arriving at an estimate, and the papers are printed every morning and every afternoon, and, by the same token, while the statesmen are utterly indifferent about what the papers say, they are not without hope the papers will say something. They will admit, privately, that as a medium of communication the press has a book beaten several blocks—for timeliness, that is—and, scorning the unreliability, the sensationalism, the perverse motives and the lack of patriotism in the newspapers of the country they feel they are obliged to recognize the condition that prevails and do something, now and then, that will be worth a paragraph.

The common or garden method of soubretting is to make a speech and see that it gets back to the district. This plan is so old and worn that it hardly deserves to come under the head. Still, there are plenty of would-be soubrettes who can think of nothing better to do, and they solemnly relieve themselves of great thoughts on great subjects and keep their secretaries busy for weeks mailing their printed world-beater to everybody who has a vote, whether they all can read or not. None but amateur soubrettes think they get anywhere by this method. Even in the remote districts the farce of speech-making in the House is known about, and the voter is more likely to give the printed speech to his wife to light the fire with than he is to study it.

Soubretting in the Senate

The real way is to seize on some topic of timely interest, jump in with a resolution or a bill, and get into the newspapers, vicious though they may be. Any statesman who has the power of connected thought can write a resolution demanding something or other about a topic that is timely, and introduce it. It sounds good to the people back home to read that the ever-alert and watchful Representative or Senator was on the job and introduced a ringing resolution and made a speech about it. We forget rapidly. Nobody thinks back to the fate of most of the resolutions introduced, which is slow smothering in committees.

The resolution may relate to some outrage perpetrated by the President or not perpetrated by him. It may have to do with finance, politics, the army, the navy, or any other subject that is in the headlines.

As amusing a case of soubretting as Congress has seen this winter was the attempt of a Senator to establish May 10 as Mothers' Day for the Senate, and to provide that every member of the Senate and every Senate official and employee should wear a white carnation on that day "in memory of his mother." The Senator has skirmished around on various propositions, but has not landed hard. So, when the mother enterprise came along, he grabbed it with both hands. Here was a chance to make himself solid with the women of the country, with the organizations advocating this remembrance, with his own State, which has a sentimental slant, and to become the hero and the idol of the hour.

It looked fine, and the Senator advocated the plan with much eloquence. He spilled a gorgeous lot of language and moved the immediate adoption of his resolution. There was objection. Some Senators thought it might be well to include father along with mother, and some insisted mothers-in-law should not be slighted. Senator Gallinger allowed he could remember his mother without wearing a white carnation or any other floral decoration whatsoever. Then Senator Teller hopped up and hit the plan with a hunk of lead pipe by declaring it "puerile." The proposer got a few votes for his scheme, mostly from the other soubrettes in the Senate, but the papers carried the story, and the people who formulated the plan know the rising young statesman is with them, anyhow, no matter how his resolution was treated by a cold and unfeeling bunch of Senators who had not found out about it before he did.

Speaking of soubretting, Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who is chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, introduced a bill prohibiting child labor in the District. It was a good, sweeping bill, and was debated mightily. Then, when the soubretting was finished and the Senate got down to serious business, the Senate passed an amendment excluding its own particular brand of child labor, the pages, and another amendment allowing children under fourteen to work in mercantile establishments, stores and business offices. As passed, it prohibits any factories in the District of Columbia from employing any child labor. That is a great triumph for the principle, for there are no factories in the District of Columbia.

With the last week of the time allowed for selecting delegates to the Republican National Convention the contest between the rival press agents at Washington became a tumultuous warfare. Taft had the advantage in numbers of his publicity dispensers, but that intangible combination known as "the allies," who are supposed to be seeking somebody other than Taft, had a large, statistical person on the job in E. B. Johns, who feelingly referred to the Taft artists as "the bold bandwagon boosters," and denied every claim.

"It is now certain," said Karger, producing a sheet of Taft figures that looked like the trial balance at a bank, "that Mr. Taft will be nominated on the first ballot. Indeed, there is no serious disposition to dispute this claim. During the week just passed the following delegates have been added ——" and then followed a table showing how it is all over for Taft.

"On the contrary," exclaimed Johns, coming to the front with his sheets of figures, "by an accurate and unprejudiced compilation of the returns from all States, it is proved conclusively that Mr. Taft's press agents are making bogus claims. He has only a few scattering delegates, and many of those claimed for him will not be there when the vote is taken in Chicago."

They used to put out tables of delegate statistics once a week, but when the contest was narrowing to a finish they put them out every day and every hour. Sheets of flimsy covered with figures were thrown into the newspaper offices in pound packages. The typewriters in the various press-agent offices worked all day and all night. The chiefs of the bureaus bought adding machines and set them to clicking. The way they tortured those 980 Republican delegates was pitiful to behold. They divided them up, jammed them together, impugned their motives, disregarded their instructions, performed mystifying feats of addition and subtraction with them, snaked them from column to column, beat them on the head, left them gasping as doubtful, and otherwise maltreated them.

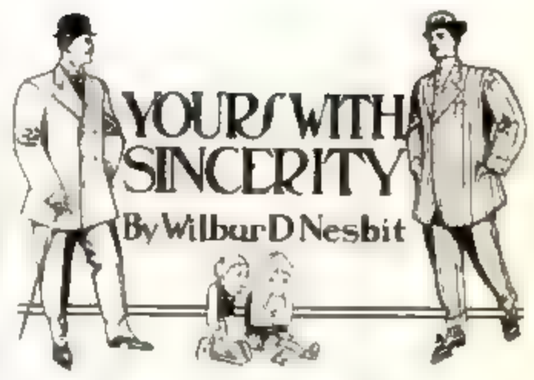
An analysis of it all showed that Taft would, would not, could, could not, certainly had it cinched, that it was preposterous to think he had a chance, that various States instructed their delegates two or three different ways, that it was all over but the shouting, that the allies held the situation in their hands, that the allies had quit and that all this talk about Taft having a majority of the delegates was mere puffle.

Johnson's Press Bureau Busy

Washington was all torn up. You'd think the whole affair was to be settled here, but, much to the astonishment of the publicity artists and the boom managers and the whole coterie, word began to trickle back from outside asking what all the row was about. And when they got down to examine into it, they didn't know. Washington, you know, is prone to think what it is interested in is the greatest thing in the world, and that what it thinks and says is of the supremest importance, but the fact is that the Washington viewpoint is the most distorted in the country, that the perspective here is wrong, and that the people outside know pretty well whom they intend to nominate for President.

Somewhat of the same tactics are being pursued on the Democratic side. The Johnson press agents are working vigorously. The Johnson people appear to have plenty of money, for they send their eulogies around in special delivery letters.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, clings grimly to his second-elective-term idea. He is for President Roosevelt, and nobody can stop him, not even the President. Irritated at the noise and clamor of the rival claim agents for the various candidates, Senator Bourne thought he would have a little meeting of tried and true Roosevelt men to talk over the situation. He sent out the invitations, picking carefully from the Senate and House, and selecting none but real, simon-pure Roosevelt men he thought. At the time appointed for the conference Senator Bourne walked out to discuss the palpitating proposition of forcing President Roosevelt to take the nomination. He had invited fifteen. But one came. That one was Nicholas Longworth.



THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

THE day popped wide open along about half past five o'clock in the morning; the robins and the blue birds and the meadowlarks and all the rest of them heard the rustle of the dawn-wind and began singing; the roses dripped dew; the bees got out of the hive and rolled up their sleeves and said they'd show us something about how doth the busy little bee if we'd only take a look at them once in a while—

"In the good old summer t i-i-me—
The good old summer ti-i-ime"—

And you knew how the day was going to drift along, with its lazy hush at noon, when the leaves on the trees would quit rustling, and the Hi-erd Man would lay down his shovel and his hoe, and the sound of the dinner bell would be heard in the land—

"In the good old summer ti-i-me
The good old summer ti-i ime"—

And you knew that after awhile the shadows would lengthen and the scent of the sweet shrub bush would grow heavy in the air, and a fragrant breeze filled with wild honeysuckle would dance in and pick up a little white clover scent to make a blend, and the stars would blink in the sky, and away off yonder down street some one would lift up his or her voice in song—and the whole round world would be simply perfect, and everything would be in tune—except—

What kind of clothes are you wearing?

Are *you* the only dejected, dispirited, out-of-place feature of the occasion, or are you in tune with the world?

In other words, are you wearing a "Sincerity" summer suit?

If you are, you're as happy as everything.

If not, don't spoil the rest of your summer days by wearing clothes that moan for Old Dr. Goose every forty-eight hours, and have to be sponged and stretched and pressed into shape.

It's a *test* of clothes when the goods are light and thin, and there isn't any lining, or very little.

That's where the "Sincerity" kind go *in* strong and come *out* strong.

The policy of cutting the goods so that the shape and style will stay there, of tailoring the suit so that the nifty nattiness and classy shapeliness continue as a part of it, make "Sincerity" garments the kind you can put your *faith* in.

The fact that they fit is something; there's no reason in the world why you should *worry* yourself with shapeless, saggy clothes just because you want to be comfortable. The better you look the better you feel. And the better *you* look the better everybody else feels.

There are plenty of "Sincerity" suits for the summer—serges and other light and airy fabrics. But they don't lose their shape, because the pockets in the coat are swung by straps from the shoulder, and the fabric has been "*London shrunk*," and seventy different expert things have been done exactly before this label goes in:

Our style book is a help to you. Ask us for it. Next mail brings it.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

YOUR HOME

How to Frame Your Pictures

A FEW years ago an American was looking around in the vaults of an ancient monastery in Spain. The building was almost in ruins, and was inhabited by but a handful of monks. The American was of those who had learned what prizes may still be unexpectedly found, and a small fee had given him the privilege of search. Even if he should find nothing, he knew he would be deeply pleased, from the sensation of prowling through ancient stone vaults, beneath an ancient edifice, with his only guide and companion an ancient monk, garbed in hood and cowl and carrying a lantern. That, by the way, was the only drawback: for very fitness of things he would fain have had the guide use a torch!

And in a distant cellar he came upon a prize—a half-dozen or so of ancient frames. He examined them by the lantern light and saw that they were good. He and his guide carried them to the light of day, and, for a small sum, the superior of the ancient place was glad to let him have them.

The old frames were superbly wrought and carved, and had once held paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries! The paintings had gone, not even tradition could tell whither. They were probably sold in the long ago, when poverty and hardship came, in some of the troublous times that have disturbed that country. The frames had been covered with gold, too; of this there were indubitable proofs on inner corners and mouldings—the gilding of those days was not done with the marvelously thin gold-leaf of to-day. It was gold laid on with such thickness as to make it of very considerable value, and it had been carefully removed from the frames in some time of stress, and turned into money. Then the superb carvings, pictureless, without gold and supposedly valueless, had been set away in a dark corner of the vaults and forgotten.

Those few frames were disposed of, in America, at high figures, to men who understood and prized them, but two or three of them have been studied and copied by expert framers, and the making of copies of them has given a marked stimulus to the making of fine frames. Other ancient styles, too, Spanish and Italian, have been copied—perhaps there has been more of a leaning toward the frames of the time of Velasquez than toward any other.

The New-School Frames

It is really curious that for many years the framing of pictures was almost entirely neglected as an art, and that, indeed, it is only recently that any large number of people have come to the realization of its importance. Even now there are many who think that a frame is merely a thing of glass and wood which, so long as it fits the picture and keeps the dust out, must necessarily be all right. It seems to have been the introduction of machinery that militated so strongly against fine workmanship in framing and in other branches of craftsmanship, but there have always been some who have kept the good old traditions alive. Some painters have designed their own frames, feeling the futility of calling upon frame-makers governed by Victorian era ideals; some, indeed, still do this in spite of the general trend of improvements. There are at present some master-builders of frames in this country, whose names are known like those of famous architects.

The return, in considerable measure, to standards of the past has developed a type of framer of curious interest.

You enter his place and notice, at once, that there is not the usual carpenter-shop effect of mouldings, and scrolls, and hammers, and saws, and screws; instead, it seems as if you have entered the workroom of a modeler in clay. For this kind of framer works by modeling.

He first makes a substructure of plain wood, of the proper outline shape, without any carving, and upon this the elaborate design is to be imposed.

His wood-carver has accurately copied a section of the frame whose design is to be followed, and from this an impression is taken which is to be used as a mould. The impression cannot be taken from the original frame, for that would mar it, and neither can the entire frame be copied in wood carving, for it would be impossibly expensive under twentieth-century rates of pay.

The mould, which is of India-rubber-like consistency, is tightly filled with a substance made, apparently, of paper pulp and plaster of Paris (the precise composition is a trade secret), and this is allowed to harden. Then the flexible mould can actually be taken off, by bending, and the resulting cast retains every detail of intricate undercut bend and curve.

Next the "sizing," and for this the weather must be just right, for the atmosphere exerts a strong influence, and the "sized" work must stand for a definite number of hours. Then comes the gilding, in a room almost air-tight, for there must be no draft to disturb the gold-leaf as it is applied. And to gold-leaf a large frame, of intricate pattern, by hand, is a long, tedious task.

But, admirable though such frames are, there is nothing more the reverse of admirable than a copy poorly made of some fine, old style, for it misses the merit of originality, while at the same time missing also the grace and distinction of the work it aims to imitate. The present-day "Florentine" frames are examples of poor copy work, for even the best ones are so brightly gilded as to render them tawdry and gaudy.

Toning the Gilded Frame

And here is a curious fact. The greater number of "gold" frames of one kind or another, which are now so common, are not really covered with gold-leaf. Instead, a composition or liquid gilt is used which contains little or no gold.

This causes the dealers much amusement, because they notice that almost every one, in weighing the rival merits of two gold frames, will literally weigh them in his hands and be pretty sure to take the heavier, from some subconscious idea of getting more gold for his money; when, as a matter of fact, even if the frames were gold-leafed, the customer would only be buying more wood and not more gold.

Gold, gold-color, is at present greatly used on frames, and its use demands much judgment. What shade of dullness shall be used, and shall the frame be in plain surfaces or raised relief or perforated? The only thing to say broadly is that the shimmering brightness of the great majority of gold frames now being made should be avoided, and that for most pictures for which gold is suitable it should be of a dullness like that of age. It is now the custom to "tone," as it is called, the gilded frame to a harmony with the picture it is to contain. Every framer worthy of the name now makes a study of this "toning."

There are myriad possibilities. We have seen a Church of Saint Mark of Venice, a photo-lithograph in gold and blue and pink and buff, with a white mat and a frame of smooth, bright gold, whereas it would have been far better in a mat of dull gold and a dull gold frame of ample design.

And whether gold-leaf or liquid substitute is used, it is seldom put directly upon the wood, but upon a thin, plastic surface which covers it; for otherwise the grain of the wood would break the surface.

Frames are an important part of the decoration of the room, and should be chosen after careful consideration of them in a threefold aspect: their intrinsic merit or demerit; their relation to the picture to be framed; their relation to the rest of the room. Many an otherwise beautifully furnished room has been ruined by its picture frames.

One comes to realize that the frames must harmonize with the general design and colors of the room, and that each frame must also be in accord with the tone and character of its picture. With many a frame a subtle harmony is obtained from the soft, rich shades of oak or walnut, with many another there should be the dull gold or even the gravely sombre black.

Form, shape, ornamentation, size, color, all these should be considered, and then the proper placing of the framed picture.

And always the frames should be flat or practically flat against the wall. They should not hang at a tilting angle, for that injures the appearance of both the room and the picture. The natural and proper place for a picture is to look straight into a room. In the old days, when pictures were permanently paneled in, no other way was even thought of, but a change came gradually with the great increase in the number of pictures, and the decrease in their average size, and the advent of the modern picture-wire, which, by most people, even yet, can only be strung up ceilingward above the picture in such a way as to throw the picture forward. A cord or wire ought never to show above a picture.

The primary and most important use of a frame is to set off the picture it incloses. The frame must not draw attention from the picture. Yet that is no reason why it should not itself be good-looking. It is precisely as with a woman and her gown; the gown should, primarily, set off the good looks of the woman, but at the same time should itself be of attractive appearance.

Sometimes a frame is deliberately constructed with the intent to hide certain defects; not infrequently an artist will point out defects in his own work, and ask the framer to make such a frame as will draw attention away from them.

Often great skill is shown in designing as to bevel a portrait frame outward to give the impression that the pictured person is standing forth from the wall, or so to recess the design as to give an impression of retiring modesty. And such effects are made so unobtrusively that one is liable not to notice that they have been carefully designed.

An admirable place to study varieties of framing is at a good exhibition of paintings or water-colors, for there will be a wide variety of designs, chosen by the artists themselves (and many of their designs are sure to be economical as well as good), and there are also likely to be at least two or three frames made by one of the master-makers.

And how fashion—everlasting fashion—has her say in matters of framing as in everything else! Gone are the white frames which were once deemed so "smart"—destroyed or banished to the nursery for the framing of childish pictures in an effect of light and purity; gone are the frames of fuzzy plank; gone are the frames—to think that such frames could really be!—made of actual walnuts, sawed in sections, arranged in elaborate patterns and polished; gone are the straw-built, log-cabin designs, the frames of metallic lustre, the plush borders, the ornamental cordage, and a host of other things which were so popular a few years ago, but now find none so poor to do them reverence. Where, indeed, are the frames of yesterday!

Frames of Former Days

And will the frames with white linen and embroidered forget-me-nots also go? Yes! And the present decade's hobby of shadow-boxes will also pass. It is odd that shadow-boxes ever came in. Made for shipping paintings to exhibitions in safety, it soon became common to show the pictures in them, to avoid the danger of damage in taking them out. Then, suddenly, they became looked upon as "smart," and many a picture that never was admitted to an exhibition appeared on home walls in a black box.

As to mats, they, too, have changed. There was a time, not long ago, when, in practically unanimous estimation, every picture except oil paintings had to have its mat. Now the saner idea has come that many a picture should be framed without a mat, and that, if a mat is required, it should be carefully chosen for its effect on that particular picture. Every framed photograph, five or ten years ago, and many another picture, had its mat of the uncomfortable color of gray flannel. And many another picture still hangs on the wall spoiled by a mat of green or red.

A picture with great detail requires a mat, for without this there would be the effect of being crowded in by the frame.

When oil paintings (which never have mats) have a great deal of detail they should be framed so plainly as to secure the effect of a mat.

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It is really astonishing how even the great ones of the earth are influenced by ephemeral fashion. Balzac, describing the dismal awfulness of the Madame Vauquer apartment, speaks of "execrable engravings framed in black-varnished frames, with gilt beading around them." Well, great man though he was, he could not escape the influence of his generation, but loved what it loved and hated what it hated—and it had begun to hate black frames. Now black frames have come into their own again, although, to be sure, not varnished; and whether or not there should be a narrow gilt bead, such as roused the great novelist's wrath, between the frame and the picture is one of those points that must separately be decided in each case.

Almost always, indeed, in any kind of framing, there must be the study of the specific example.

We remember a water-color, done in quite a Japanese effect, all purples and lavenders, and framed with a mat of soft-hued grass-cloth and an outer band of beveled wood of precisely the proper plum-bloom tone. But, alas, and alas! beside it hung another Japanese-hued picture, so framed in a frame of gold that all its delicate effect was lost.

Some General Suggestions

Japanese prints are becoming widely and justly popular, and the proposition of their frames is causing frame-makers much study, as it involves new problems. Here, however, is a formula worked out by an excellent maker, and it is, at least, unusual enough to deserve attention:

For a Japanese print twenty inches high and ten wide use a mat of gray-brown grass-cloth, three inches wide at either side and two inches at the top and bottom. Outside of this run an oak band three-quarters of an inch wide, with the grain of the wood showing and colored to about the shade of the grass-cloth.

Some people aim at having all the frames in a room alike. This, however, is a mistake. All should be harmonious in color and design, but to have them all alike gives an impression that pictures and frames have been purchased without individual judgment and consideration, and is markedly ineffective.

Often, in ordering a frame, a mistake is made by not considering the difference between "sight" measure and "rabbet" measure. (This "rabbet," by the way, like the Welsh article spelled almost the same, is something that is very different from its name; it is really "rebate.") The "rabbet" measure is the inset measure, and is larger than the "sight" measure, which, as its name implies, is that of so much of the picture as is to be seen when framed. We know of a six-hundred-dollar frame, recently made, which is of no particular use to either its maker or the picture owner, because it was made to order on the "sight" measure and the picture simply fell through the frame. With pictures that have a mat the difference can be adjusted.

It is difficult to lay down general rules, as so much must always depend upon the coloring and size of each particular picture, but some suggestions may be made.

A mezzo-tint should be framed in the brown or black that predominates in it. A pen-and-ink sketch looks its best in a black frame.

Etchings, of ordinary size, frame admirably in either narrow gold or narrow hardwood, according to the dominant color of the room in which they are to go.

For mats and mounts for old prints a faded yellow paper is obtainable which goes admirably with them.

Do not lose sight of the fact, although it has reference to pictures, and not to frames, that new prints are often given the hue of old age by a judicious dipping in coffee, which gives the nice, browny, musty look, and that the "spots" of age and mildew are put on by a little judicious stippling.

It is surprising—and amusing—that some people still, with the picture of the head of a dog, think it necessary to have a frame upon which is a dog-collar in relief, and if they would frame a horse have a whip draped upon the frame, with a raised horseshoe at each of the four corners.

We remember, as a very good example of sympathetic work, the framing of a large picture of cliff and sea, a study in grays and greens, the framing being in lemon-colored gold, in flat effects, although the outer part was in thirty pin-wide grooves and the inner in twelve similar grooves.

Around the inner edge of a small frame of rosewood there was put a slender line of ebony, and, although the ebony was barely noticeable, it added distinction to both the picture (a print, in color, after Romney) and its frame. The use was similar to that of the old-fashioned furniture inlay workers, who liked to use a slender line of ebony with holly or satin-wood.

With what is usually called a "foreign" photograph (one of those in tones of rich browns, taken in one of the great galleries direct from the painting, and not enlarged afterward)—say a ten by twelve inch head of Erasmus or of Titian's "longest nose in history"—it is best to frame close, without any mat, in a heavy, plain, unvarnished wood, an inch and a half or two inches wide, and of tawny or deep brown or red brown color. The wood should be of a little deeper tone than the picture.

It often surprises a customer to find that the simple frames are dearer than the over-ornate. This is partly because the over-ornate ones, being in greater demand, are made in larger quantity, perhaps with more machine-work and less of hand-finish.

In joining the corners glue is used along the mitred edges of the wood, and then there are three ways of continuing. Small nails may be driven in from both sides, and their sunk heads covered with putty. Or, a finer way than with nails, the frame is fast-clamped till the glue is dry, then two saw-slits are made in each corner, and pieces of veneer are inset with glue. Or, for heavier frames, long screws are put in, across the mitres, at an angle of forty-five degrees to the edges, and they thus cross the mitering line at right angles.

But there are some frames which do not need any joining at the corners. If you have an exquisite eighteenth-century print, such as a head of the Princesse de Lamballe, there are rosewood frames, three-quarters of an inch wide, cut out of one piece. Such frames, as exquisite as the prints they contain, are usually slenderly edged with ebony.

A perfect example of gaining effectiveness by contrast is the framing of a black silhouette, within a surface of white or cream-white, with a little narrow black frame, such as our ancestors loved to use.

Passe-partout is still deservedly popular, as it is often of simple and charming effect, and linen cloth, either black or a soft gray, is now used instead of paper, and holds much better. Dealers nowadays charge as much for a good passe-partout as for a regular frame, as it is troublesome to make.

The Dual Quality of a Frame

A drawback is that (certainly with paper and probably with cloth) the back of the picture is liable to spread away from the glass in humid weather. We remember that, on one very damp and close summer night, the pictures and glass of four passe-partouts fell to the floor in a succession of crashes; but, after all, they were really too large for passe-partout treatment, being eighteen by fourteen, and, even as it was, we coaxed them in again next day, under pressure of dictionary and encyclopædia.

What are called "architectural" frames are, to some extent, coming in again—frames with the "broken-arch" design, so well known to lovers of old furniture, and with cornice and pilastered sides. Nor do such frames need necessarily to be for large pictures only, for, with proportions heedfully graduated down, they look well on many a small picture, particularly such as are of formal or classical character.

A really admirable kind of frame, used to advantage on old prints, especially those of handsome women in pictorial gowns and hats of a century and more ago, is oval, and formed of an inconspicuous band of smooth and tight-bound laurel leaves—so smooth, indeed, that they are scarcely discernible as leaves—and made in a dull hue of gold.

"Old prints," it may be remarked, cover an ever-widening field. Some are really old, some are actually made from the old-time plates, which have not been worn out, and the great majority are reproductions, made in a wide variety of processes, and usually with a considerable degree of success.

A frame, for whatever kind of picture, ought to combine reserve with beauty, assertiveness with unassertiveness, through its dual quality of being an important feature of decoration as well as a holder of something better than itself. It may be simple or it may be rich, but, even if rich, not gaudy, for the frame-choosing oft proclaims the man.

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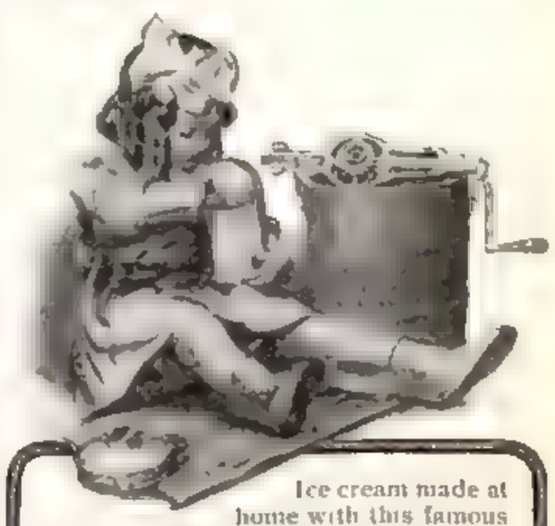

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

Concerning Frank Danby

FRANK DANBY is called "Mister" more often, perhaps, than any other living woman author. Her real name is Mrs. Arthur Frankau, and her husband was a well-known London merchant. For years her weekly salon was one of the features of London literary life. She had written considerably before her marriage, and when she became a widow she took up her pen again. It was about this time that she wrote Pigs in Clover.

Apropos of this story is a very amusing incident. Once when Mrs. Frankau was at a reception an American woman rushed up to her and said, with enthusiasm: "I am so delighted to see you. I think your Pigs is Pigs quite the funniest story I ever read."

Mrs. Frankau is very much interested in art, and has a fine collection of Eighteenth Century mezzotints and stipple engravings in color. In fact she has written three books on art, one of them, Eighteenth Century Color Prints, being used as a text-book.

The late Owen Hall, author of The Geisha, Florodora, The Silver Slipper, The Girl from Kay's, and other big musical successes, was her brother, and was to have collaborated with her on the story of the London gayety girl, which is one of her recent books. He died three days after they had outlined it.

O. Henry Explains

O. HENRY got married not long ago, and shortly after the wedding a literary friend gave a reception in honor of the story-writer and his wife. Late in the evening a woman stepped up to Mrs. Porter (that is O. Henry's real name) and said:

"May I ask a question that I have been dying to ask your husband for a long time?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Porter.

"Well," continued the woman, "why does your husband always have the ladies in his stories wear *crêpe de chine?*"

"I give it up," was the reply. "Let's ask Mr. Porter." Whereupon he was called over. On being asked he volunteered the following explanation:

"To tell the truth," he said, "I only know two kinds of goods, calico and *crêpe de chine.* When the girls can't wear calico I make them wear *crêpe de chine.* That's all there is to it."

The Real Thing in Human Interest

ARTHUR TRAIN is about as rich a repository of human interest of the real sort as any of his contemporary writers of fiction. He works in a world of mystery and crime that Dickens might have loved, because he happens to be one of the Assistant District Attorneys of New York County, and every day there pass before him the actors and actions of tragedy.

Train is a lawyer by inheritance. His father, Charles Russell Train, was, for many years, Attorney-General of Massachusetts. He is a Harvard man and came to New York in 1901. Soon after he got a position as assistant to one of the Assistant District Attorneys. When Mr. Jerome entered office he made Train a full-fledged assistant. Most of the assistants, or "Mr. Jerome's young men," as they are called in New York, have special assignments for work, and Train's is as trial prosecutor. Thus he is out in the legal spotlight most of the time and bang up against many of the big and spectacular cases involving such eminent fiction details as to make less fortunate writers writhe with envy.

It was while trying a case that Train got the inspiration and the idea for his first story. The prisoner was charged with robbery and the jury had been out all evening. Midnight came. Save for the judge, the attendants and the prisoner, the big court-room was empty. Everything was dim and still and expectant. The jurors filed in and the prisoner was brought to the bar. There ensued that silence common to most incidents of this particular hour. Even the traditional clang of the passing street car was heard. But this only filled in the picture. The man was found guilty. When he was asked by the judge if he had ever served time before, he said, "No." When he was asked to swear to this he broke out passionately: "I am a jail-bird."

Then he told the story of his life in the grim silence of the court-room at midnight. Everybody wept.

The next day Train, who could not get the picture out of his memory, sat down and wrote the narrative and called it The Jail-Bird.

His first published story, however, began in a different way. One day he was sitting in his office on the top floor of the Criminal Courts building, which is connected with the famous Tombs prison with the no less celebrated passageway called The Bridge of Sighs. He was looking down in the big open court where the prisoners play.

"I wonder," said Train to himself, "how they spend Christmas over there." He went over and found out. He thought it would be a good story to tell what happened to a New York club man who might be caught in the Tombs over Christmas. Out of this grew the first of the McAllister stories.

Train's writing is, in a way, a sort of diversion from his legal work. As prosecutor he has had some amusing experience. A murderer whom he had convicted and sent to prison for life said of him, after he had been shackled and was being led from the court: "It is a pleasure to have been sent up by a perfect gentleman."

Another murderer who got the same sentence said in open court: "I want to thank Mr. Train for his interest in me. He has done a great deal more for me than my own lawyer." The Assistant District Attorney did not know whether to take this as a compliment or not.

Owen Johnson's Start

OWEN JOHNSON comes near taking some records for early and ample literary starts. Although he is considerably under thirty he has three novels, a produced play and a bunch of short stories and special articles to his credit. He comes by his literary ability naturally, for his father is Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the Century Magazine.

Johnson was born in New York and was graduated from Yale. His latest work, a play called The Comet, in which Madame Nazimova appeared in New York, is gloomy and introspective. But during one of the earlier performances an incident occurred which shook some of the morbidity out of it for a little while. There is a tense scene in which the young hero, swept off his feet by the lure of the heroine, a great actress who has returned to her home on vengeance bent, promises to go away with her. Just as Nazimova was about to speak, a man got excited in the gallery and fell down the steps with a great clatter. Then the actress spoke the lines in the play: "Do you still want to climb?"

Everybody on and off the stage saw the application, and there was a laugh that almost broke up the scene.

Henry James and Life

THE storm of anecdotes that beats about most well-known authors, particularly of the best-selling variety, seems never to have struck Henry James. Perhaps it could not break through the barricade of sentences that surrounded him. It will be remembered that Mr. James was once called "an idea entirely surrounded by words." But, once in a while, a story trickles through. Not long ago a young lady, one of the earnest-seekers-after-truth kind, said to Mr. James:

"Oh, Mr. James, won't you please define life?"

Whereupon the novelist gravely replied:

"It is the predicament that precedes death."

Mr. James always fights shy of making speeches in public. He reserves them for his books. On one occasion he was the guest of honor at a dinner in New York. After much persuasion he was induced to speak. As he rose to his feet he naïvely said:

"You know, gentlemen, that I never make speeches, and when I have concluded to-night you will realize that I have not broken my rule."

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That is, in one day, to fill *repeat* orders required twenty-three thousand four hundred cigars, and one thousand and fifty cigars went to new customers, the majority of whom will become permanent.

Doesn't that say more for my cigars and my business methods than I could if I bought this whole page? Every cigar went to an individual smoker. I have no Agents and do not sell through dealers. To the smoker, by the hundred, at wholesale prices, is my method.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Puritanos on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.50, within ten days.

In ordering please inclose business card or give personal references and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

My Puritano cigar is hand made, of clear, clean, straight, long Havana filler with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It is the retailers' 10c. cigar..

I make other cigars than the Puritano, ranging in price from $4.00 to $15.00 per hundred. If you prefer some other size or shape, or clear Havana cigars, permit me to mail you my catalogue, and explain more fully my methods of supplying smokers with cigars at wholesale prices.

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Sense and Nonsense

First Salesman: "Where are You Going?"
Second Salesman: "I'm Going to Buffalo."
First Salesman: "Now, Here: You Say You are Going to Buffalo to Make Me Believe You are Going to Chicago, but You Really are Going to Buffalo; So What Do You Want to Lie For?"

It All Depends

MACLYN ARBUCKLE, first of County Chairman fame and now the wild Western sheriff in The Round Up, was once a real lawyer in a really wild section of Texas, where, he says, the customary morning salutation among friends was not "Fine weather, isn't it?"—but: "Wonder who's goin' ter git it to-day," the "it" being an ounce or more of lead. Nevertheless, says Maclyn (and don't spell it with a "k" unless you want to offer him his pet insult), the average "Bad Man" of the old West was far more careful than he is romantically painted.

"When I first struck that country," the actor recently declared, "I had a natural curiosity about the town's Bad Men, and, one evening, I got to asking questions of the worst of the lot. He was a hefty fellow with a soft hat, ten nicks in his gun-handle and a reputation as long as his hair.

"'What would you do, Mr. Simmons,' I inquired, 'if somebody called you a liar?'

"Simmons scowled fiercely.

"'By word of mouth?' he demanded.

"'Yes,' said I, 'by word of mouth.'

"The desperado took out his Colt and regarded it lovingly. Then he looked up at me with the most terrifying expression I have ever seen on a human countenance.

"'How big a man?' he asked."

Making Faces

Poor little Bill burst into tears
And hid his frightened head.
"My strait-laced shoes we thought so nice
Stuck out their tongues," he said.
—Louise Ayres Garnett.

The Mirror Up to Nature

NEARLY everybody knows that Marie Booth Russell is the niece of Edwin Booth, and some people know that she is also the wife of Robert Mantell, with whom New York has lately greeted her as worthy successor to the elder-day interpreters of Shakespeare. But what scarcely anybody knows is her opinion of dramatic critics, and that for the very good reason that she tells it only to her most intimate friends. It was to one of these that she was talking recently when she said:

"Many players make virtue of the fact they never read the newspaper criticisms of their plays. I don't belong to that school. I always read every word that is written about my performances, and I always try to profit by the advice. Nevertheless, I've no more use for the critic who showers praise without giving his reasons than for him who, in the same fashion, showers blame. To say only that I was good or bad without telling how, where or why, is of no help to me or to the public.

"It was to one of these undistinguishing condemners, however, that I wrote the only letter I have ever written a critic and from whom, as a result of that letter, I received, in reply, the soundest advice that I have ever received. He had damned my acting roundly and sweepingly without ever saying wherein I had erred or how I might mend it. He was one of the most famous of American dramatic critics, too, but I bravely sat down and wrote to him:

"'*Dear Sir:* You say in your criticism that, as a Shakespearean actress, I am a failure. Won't you be equally candid constructively, and tell me how I may make a success?'

"I was rather pleased with that. It seemed very bright; but, somehow, lost its brilliance when I received this brief reply:

"'Miss Marie Booth Russell.

"'*Dear Madam:*

"'Certainly I shall. Be natural.'"

The Song of the Roving Sons

Just beyond the sunset's barriers, just across the Farthest Sea,
Lies the Land of Lost Illusions, lies the Isle of Used to Be;
Lies the harbor that we sailed from when the world was all atune
To the key of Life's full flower, in the Symphony of June.

How they begged that we should tarry ere we launched our daring bark,
Selling sail from Southern sunlight to the realms of winter dark!
How they pleaded we should never brave the breakers and the foam,
But should bide beside the hearthstone and should live a life at home!

"No," we answered, "we must hurry, for the Roving Sons are we;
We must make the great adventure; we must sail the Seventh Sea;
We have done with sloth and safety and the Little People's wans:
Better bitterness than languor; better Life than length of days!"

And we sailed—and still are sailing underneath a starless sky,
Over wastes of waves uncharted, where we know not how nor why;
Certain only we can never more recross the Farthest Sea
To the Land of Lost Illusions, to the Isle of Used to Be. *—R. W. Kaufman.*

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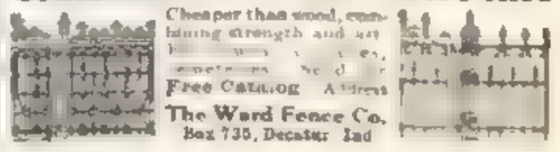

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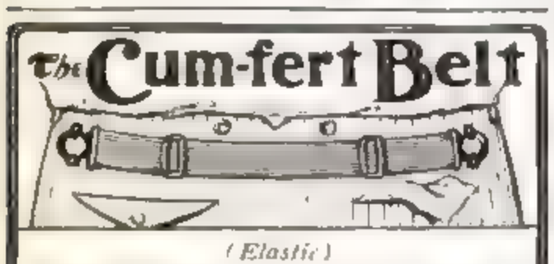

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THE AMERICAN GAME HOG

(Concluded from Page 7)

not so easy to conceal the evidence of wrongdoing in the case of big game, and it may be said for the offender in this line that he is no such wasteful or boastful creature as the average fish "hog." It is usually the thrill of the adventure that lures him.

"There is nothing like it," an occasional offender declared. "I have sat in my canoe at night, in the shadow of overhanging trees, while some one—possibly the game warden, possibly only another hunter—paddled by within six feet of me. I have played hide-and-seek with a canoe pretty much all night, and finally got my deer. The hunting is fine in itself, but there is an additional thrill to it when you have to watch out for the warden as well as the deer."

There you have it again—a game for points, the gratification of beating the law. There is the same heedlessness of consequences, the same shortsightedness, the same destructiveness, the same tolerance that resulted in the devastation of so much of our forest land. In fact, aside from the fact that the forest devastation was purely commercial, the story of it bears a striking resemblance to the story of what has happened and is happening to our fish and game. As in the case of the forests, we considered our fish and game wealth practically inexhaustible, and gave little heed to it. As in the case of the forests, we finally awoke to the fact that it was not; that wastefulness and greed were making serious inroads upon it. As in the case of the forests, we found it necessary to take measures for the preservation of what we had left and the restoration, so far as possible, of what we had lost. The impelling motive of the offenders in the one case is profit, and in the other, for the most part, pleasure; but methods and results are very much alike, and reflect our natural extravagance.

However, it is the attitude of Americans and Canadians toward the measures taken for their benefit, especially as they relate to fish and game and incidentally as to the forests, that I started out to discuss, and it seems to me that our fishermen and hunters could advantageously take a lesson from Canada in respect for the law. I do not mean to intimate that we are all lawbreakers, by any means, or that the Canadians are all law-respecters, but they certainly have a good deal the best of us in this matter. We are going to Canada in increasing numbers for hunting and fishing, and Canada may readily be pardoned for fearing that we will do with her resources in this line what we have been doing with our own.

Uncle Sam has played the part of the good-natured and wealthy head of a spendthrift family. Wifey and the boys—particularly the boys, in this case—were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased until Daddy awakened to the fact that their extravagance was seriously depleting his resources. Then he had to shut down on the extravagance. "This won't do," he declared. "We won't have anything left in a little time if you keep this up. We've got to cut off this reckless waste; we've not only got to live within our income, but, for a time, we've got to live on less, so that we can build up our capital again." And the members of the family do exactly as they are told, as long as Daddy keeps his watchful eye on them, but they are so wedded to the old extravagance that they secretly run up bills against him whenever they get a chance.

Canada is the lady next door. She has been watching Uncle Sam's family, and she has impressed the lesson of her neighbors on her own boys. "That's what will happen to us," she told them, "if we don't watch out. You boys must be careful." And, for the most part, the boys are careful. They have had some pretty strict rules laid down for them, but, seeing what happened next door, they have generally accepted them as wise and necessary.

"But suppose," they suggested, "those Uncle Sam boys want to come over in our yard to play. Shall we send them home?"

"No," said Canada, "don't send them home, but watch them closely. They mean well enough, but they haven't had good home training, and they are somewhat careless about other people's property."

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THE BIG STRIKE AT SIWASH

(Continued from Page 5)

Then I tumbled. That unspeakable Simpkins had been with Ole all afternoon putting him on to the ropes. Simpkins had never gotten a bid from a fraternity, but he was just nosey enough to know all about them. There was no telling what he wouldn't put Ole up to. We writhed, but there was no help for it.

"Ole," I said, grinding my teeth a little, "we're going to give you the rush of your life. It begins to-morrow. The whole earth is yours. Now you climb into those football togs."

Ole climbed. He smashed three more scrubs that afternoon. That wasn't a marker to what we smashed that night when we talked it over. There was no way out of it, however. Ole had to be rushed.

Well, we rushed him. For two mortal weeks we three fraternities had a date with Ole every other minute. We had him to dinner turn about every night. His breakages averaged four dishes a meal. He drank his coffee from his saucer with a barytone gurgle, speared his bread with his fork, and treated his napkin with quiet indifference. We held smokers for him. He insisted on smoking one cigar all evening, letting it go out a dozen times and carefully relighting it at the grate each time. "Skagaroots" were for dudes, he said, which made the rest of us feel comfortable. We took him driving and rowing and to the theatres. Every top-liner in each frat took his medicine and walked around the campus with him. Talk about parading in chains behind a Roman chariot! It was nothing to the job of walking around beside a white-eyebrowed leviathan in high-water trousers and letting on as if you loved him.

We took Ole to call on our girls, too—the swellest girls in college. Say, give me an opiate when I tell about this. It was harrowing. Ole blew in $11.49 of his precious "hunder dollar" and bought him a new society rig, including another celluloid collar, and clothes that fitted him like a horse-blanket. And say! how he did enjoy society! He bathed in it—I might say, he wallowed in it. One call a night wouldn't do for him. No, sir! He seemed determined to make up for the drought of the past three years. When we tore him away from one sorority house at 9:30 o'clock it was only to have him suggest in a mild "if-you-don't-I-won't-play" tone that we go calling some more. We jarred our standing with the Faculty, with half the sororities and with society in general during that two weeks' nightmare by overriding every known social convention. We took Ole calling before breakfast, and we dragged him away from prim, horrified gatherings at midnight. As for the parties we gave for him—No, I won't describe them. I've been trying to forget them. You catch a good lively rhinoceros, squeeze him into a borrowed dress suit and then try to make him act pretty at a dancing party, and you would have a fair imitation of Ole. Only the rhinoceros wouldn't talk and we couldn't keep Ole quiet.

We have always given Simpkins credit for a lot of our troubles. He must have spent most of the week before coaching Ole. We caught Simpkins coming away from Ole's room one night, and Brinker, who weighed 212 pounds, leaned up against him and a brick house and suggested in a quiet voice, full of obituaries, that he keep away for a while. Simpkins only laughed. "If you're so bold, why don't you play fullback yourself?" he asked. He was a sarcastic little reptile. He knew he had us.

You never saw any one appreciate rushing the way Ole did. We couldn't wear him out even if we did work in shifts. He'd take entertainment in one form or another until two A. M., get his lessons before breakfast, revolve in society until four P. M., prance out on the football field and wear out two full teams in two hours, and then hurry back and begin it all over again. At the end of ten days we were all in. We couldn't stand the pace any longer. Ole was getting on our nerves. So we waited on him one afternoon and found him in his room.

Ole received us joyously. He was as genial those days as a St. Bernard pup with mud on its paws. "Set down, fallers," he chortled. "Bully time ve ban having. I tenk I like ve skoll be going call some more

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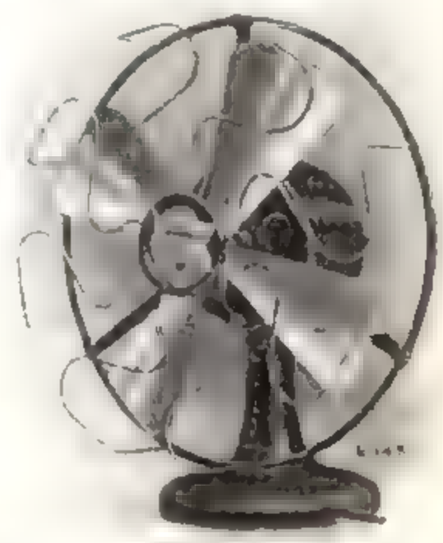

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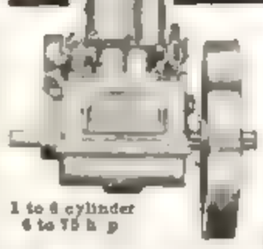

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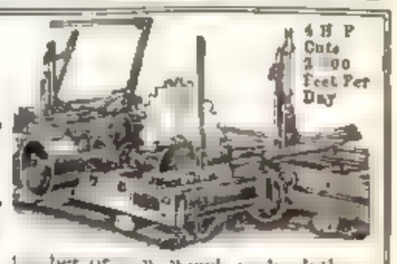

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das evening. Dar ban leetle yaller-haired gal I like me purty vell. Har name ban Spencer. You ent taking me 'round by har house yet."

Frankling shuddered. She had been his own particular for three years. I believe it turned out that she had been engaged to some fellow at home all the time, but that's neither here nor there. It never is—in college.

"Ole," said I, solemn-like, "we think it is time that you were making your choice of a fraternity. This suspense, you know, is sort of wearing on our nerves. If any of us are going to be turned down we want to know it, Ole, and have it over with."

Ole looked at us affectionately. "I ban puzzled like deekins," he mused. "I like yu all fine. Yu ban show me bully tam yust like brudders. I kent be mean by any of yu. I tal yu vat I du," he said, bringing his ham of a hand down on the table with a crash; "I join by all t'ree of yu!"

I was the first to get my jaw propped back into position. "But Ole," I protested, "you can't do that. No one ever joins more than one fraternity. It isn't allowed."

"By ying, I du it anyvay!" shouted Ole, full of enthusiasm.

"No, you won't," Frankling cut in. "You can't do it any more than you can vote on two tickets at once. You can't do it any more than you can have three wives at once. Why, Ole, it would be polygamy, that's what it would be. We'd all lose our charters. Come on, now, take your pick, like a good fellow."

Oh, yes, Ole was a good fellow, all right. He fetched a four-cylinder snort and glared at the three of us. "I ken't join by all of yu, den?" he asked dangerously.

"Can't be done," I said firmly. "The President of the United States only belongs to two."

"Vell, by yiminy, den I don't join by any," he roared, damaging the table again with his fist.

We tried to argue. It was like whispering to a whirlwind. Ole walked over and yanked the door open. Then he picked up a leather head protector from the corner. It was a massive affair, big enough to boil soap in.

"Yu tak dis har to Master Bost," he roared, "and tal him tu gat some one else tu fit it. Den yu tak your fraternities and come to hal."

We went away, not because we wanted to, but because it seemed safe. And the Kiowa game was only a week away.

That next week was a sweet one. You couldn't have pried any more trouble into it with a hydraulic ram. We tried to see Ole again, and when we found him we tried to get away from him, and just barely succeeded. The other fraternities cussed us all over the campus. They thought we had thrown the game. They tried to square it with Ole, but he sent word which might be freely translated to the effect that he had changed his diet to fraternity men and would they please send a fat one. The 'varsity was on the rocks, busted, flabbergasted, all shot to thunder. Bost had nervous prostration. The team was a joke. The odds went down to one hundred to one and not a penny taken at that. We got gray hairs that week.

The day before the game Kiowa began coming in special trains. The railroads sidetracked the rest of their traffic and hauled in Kiowa students and alumni and townspeople until the hotels had to put cots into the writing-rooms. Every Kiowa man who had ever been stepped on by Skjarsen was there, with a yell concealed about his person and a bunch of yellow-backed bills as big as a mule's hindleg. It was a great sight—for Kiowa men. We didn't see it because we went to bed right after dinner. When they come to hang me, if they ever do, I'll remember about that night and feel real cheerful.

The morning of the execution—I mean the game—dawned cold and lugubrious. Five thousand Kiowa people got up at six o'clock and paraded our campus, singing things that made us bite the pillows. Word came from our training quarters that the team was resigned, though pale. Their last letters had been written and they were awaiting the end with much cheerfulness. It was just after what would have been breakfast if we had eaten it that Petey Simmons came in, wearing Siwash colors in a hopelessly defiant sort of way.

"Good-by, boys," he said, trying to be facetious. "I'm going to see Ole."

"What are you going to do?" we asked, not much interested.

"Depends on what he does to me first," said Petey. "Blamed if I know what I am going to do, anyway. I'm going to make a last attempt to square things somehow, and if it doesn't succeed you can have a vertebra apiece for remembrance's sake."

He went away and nothing happened in great gobs until time for the game. Then we put on our overcoats and went over to see the tragedy.

Even when it's your own team that's going to furnish the ingredients for the slaughter you can't help getting enthusiastic at a big football game. Our stadium held fifteen thousand and, if there was a vacant seat, it was because the man who held the ticket for it hadn't found it yet. On one side were five thousand Kiowa people with their mouths thoroughly ajar. It was one of the finest collections of noise I ever heard. They began it at 1:30, and at 3 o'clock, long before the game began, you had to talk on your fingers on the other side of the stadium. We weren't so quiet ourselves. There were ten thousand of us altogether, and even when ten thousand people only sigh they make a good deal of noise when they do it in unison.

We gave our team a great cheer when they came out, but pshaw!—we couldn't keep it up. They were nice boys, but the Lord wasn't thinking about football when He designed them. They landed the ball well down in Kiowa's territory on the kick-off, and then the tragedy began. Snap—Kiowa formed. Snap—the ball shot back, and then a big Kiowa Percheron went through our line for thirty yards, leaving human débris on either side, while those five thousand Kiowans, not content with what noise they had been making, acted as if they were trying to take their lungs out and wave them in the frosty air. It isn't so much getting beaten at football that kills you off; it's listening to what the other side has to say about it.

I must say the Kiowa gang was doing the job up well. They had a cheermaster every ten feet, and what with megaphones, fog-horns, brass bands, steam sirens and Chinese gongs they managed to produce a noise that you could stick your finger into and curl pieces of around like you can with molasses. I'd never heard the other side make any noise before. We had always attended to the noise-making department ourselves; and to sit there and hear the cheers spurt up every time some knobby-faced catapult smashed twenty yards out of your personal friends and your own team was like getting seven bushels of teeth extracted in an afternoon without taking gas. How we did suffer!

Kiowa made a touchdown in four minutes. Then she reversed goals and made another one in five minutes—on SIWASH, remember—SIWASH, that hadn't been scored on for three years! We just sat there and bled internally while those Kiowa barbarians sang songs at us. I remember one of them. I always will remember it. It went this way:

Oh, where is poor old Ole?
Oh, where is poor old Ole?
Oh, where is poor old Ole?
Gone back to the lumber camps.

They owed him too much money,
They owed him too much money,
They owed him too much money—
Doggone the stingy scamps.

Sometimes I hear that song in my dreams even now. When I do, I wake up and something in the room gets broken.

Oh, they rubbed it in, and no mistake. After the second touchdown they produced an immense papier-mâché cash register and rang up the scores on it amid the slow, solemn grinding of ten thousand sets of teeth across the stadium. They'd waited three years for the chance to gloat, and I guess they weren't overlooking any bets.

Even the worm gets up on its hindlegs and shows its teeth once in a while, however. After that second touchdown our poor atoms down on the field braced up and hung on to Kiowa legs so desperately that they only got scored on once more that half. Of course, we yelled, but it seemed about as inappropriate as it would be to yell after a bear had eaten one of your grandfather's legs and while he was putting up a plucky fight to save the other. During the intermission there was a good deal of solemn visiting on our side of the stadium, just as there is after a funeral, but we were very orderly. I can't say the same for the Kiowans. People make fools of themselves over little things sometimes.

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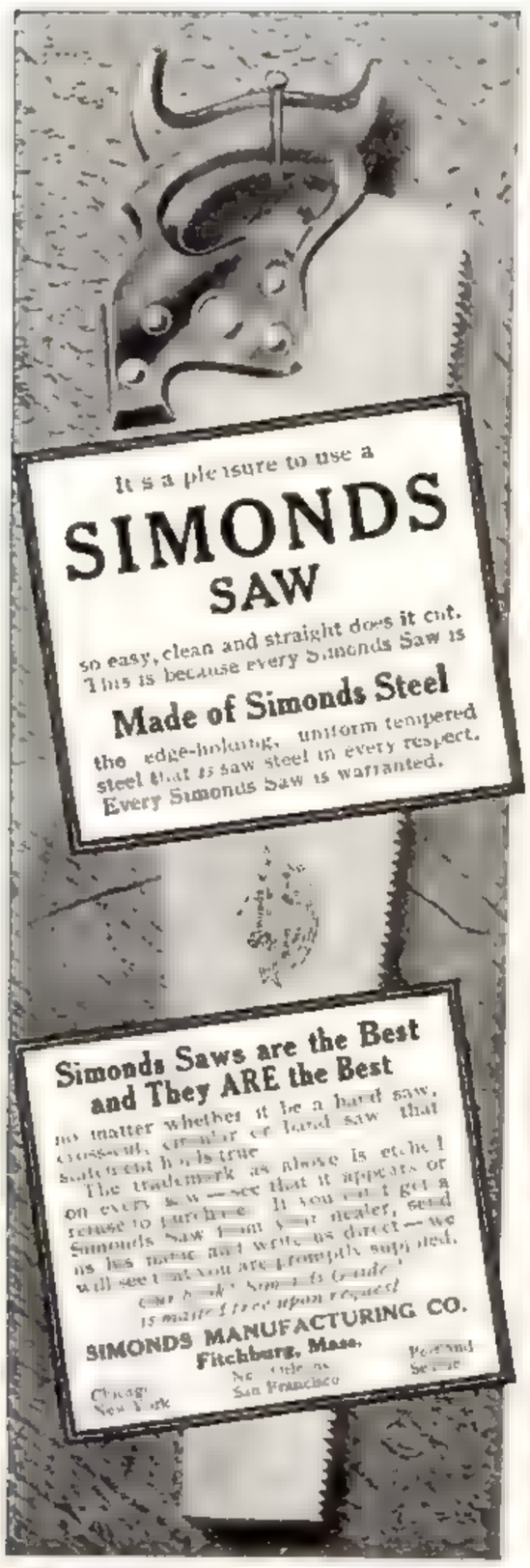
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The second half started just like the first. Our side kicked off. Kiowa took the ball, bored a neat spiral hole fifteen yards long through our left guard, and was just lining up again when I heard the left end of the stadium explode. That's just what it did. It exploded, only the noise didn't stop after the explosion. It went right on. I climbed up on an underclassman to see what it was all about, and there was the Colossus of Rhodes in a football suit, hiking down the field for the two teams.

It looked like the Colossus, but it wasn't. It was Ole Skjarsen. He was clad in full football armor, head helmet, nose and muzzle guards, ear protectors, shoulder pads, elbow spikes, shin guards and all the rest. But that wasn't all. On one shoulder he wore, in a huge bow, the purple and white colors of Eta Bita Pie. On the other shoulder he wore the magenta and white of Alfalfa Delt. Around his waist he wore a red and black sash a foot wide. They were the colors of Chi Yi.

I believe I mentioned some whisperings of enthusiasm that the Kiowa bunch had been making, didn't I? Forget 'em. That noise was only a sweet silence compared to what we were making. Imagine ten thousand people who had been wanting to yell all fall and hadn't had a chance.

We didn't know what had happened to Ole or what was going to happen to us. We only knew he was there. We saw young Spring, our broiler fullback, loyally sprain his ankle on the next down and limp off the field. We saw Ole pried into position. We knew Ole could make sixteen points in forty minutes all by himself, if he had to.

They told us afterward that people downtown, four miles away, knew how the game was going after Ole went in by our remarks. We made those remarks earnestly and persistently like Niagara Falls. That was the way we yelled when Ole took the ball, and in his positive, Norsk manner, selected a spot sixty yards away and trudged over the entire Kiowa team to get to it. That was the way we yelled, only more so, every time he took the ball close to the goal with the Kiowa section gasping "Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" with the death-rattle of despair; but that wasn't a circumstance to the way we yelled when he burst through their line and went over the whitewash with a tattered fringe of Kiowa players hanging from his legs. Oh, it was as glorious as Waterloo and Gettysburg and the soaking of the Philistines all in one.

Well, we won the game. I say "we" because, whenever Ole faltered near the goal line, we just loaded up with an extra breath and blew him over. Thirty to sixteen the score was, and, if the game had been longer, the score would have been larger. Ole was just getting into a good sweat when we haltered him and led him away from his prey. And then the noise left the stadium and went downtown and echoed and reverberated over the city all night, with bonfire accompaniments, while the old citizens groaned and tossed and forgot that they had ever been young and wished we were dead.

Next morning, Petey Simmons came in with his neck wrapped up in flannel. We surrounded him with multitudes of arms to the great danger of his bones.

"Did you do it, Petey?" we croaked.

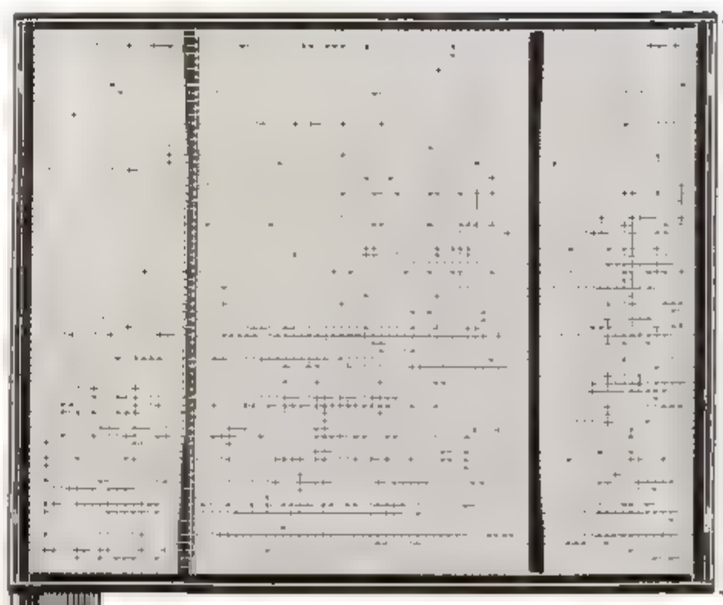
Petey nodded his head solemnly. "Don't know how, but I did. Could talk myself into the Supreme Court with less eloquence. Now we've won the game and we've got to pay the price."

"Meaning all those colors ——" I began.

"Exactly," Petey nodded. "He's pledged to all three of us. We're to initiate him this week. Don't tell me it's impossible! I know that. We've won the game. You fellows worry about the rest."

I'm not saying that we didn't worry some about it. It was absolutely irregular, you know—just like polygamy as Frankling had feelingly said. I won't pretend that we revealed to Ole the very subcellar secrets of each fraternity, but we all initiated him in due form and style, and he lived with us the rest of the year, turn about, like a maiden aunt, sharing in all our amusements and blissfully believing that his hundred dollars was paying the way. We got to like him exceedingly before he graduated.

Where is he now? Oh, hang it, making trouble as usual. You see, Ole is running for Governor and we three fraternities are quarreling about him. We can't all three claim him and we can't agree on which one of us is entitled to print his name in our roster of distinguished alumni.



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THE POLLOCK BOYS

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Oh, that's all right," murmured Plant, his round face wreathed in smiles.

"I want to see you about the permit. Smith says he's going to cut me down—says the range is overstocked."

An expression of anxiety overspread Plant's large countenance.

"They're keeping the count almighty close since that Thorne stirred things up," he warned.

"Oh, I don't expect you'll pass me in," said Wright. "But Smith is going to call on you for a report on whether or not the range is overstocked. I want you to see that he gets the right steer."

But, unexpectedly, the supervisor opposed a stone wall of reluctance which Wright could not surmount. The interview terminated only after an hour's session, from which the cattleman emerged lowering like a thunder cloud, and Plant with a brow corrugated in the fat-man's pathetic-looking solemnity.

VI

THE matter rested here until the first of February. Then Simeon Wright, in Washington on land business, took occasion to call at the apartments of his friend, Senator Barrow. The two greeted each other cordially and retired behind closed doors. After a little preliminary conversation, Wright interrupted himself:

"By the way, Barrow, I've pretty near decided not to stir up that exclusion matter in the valley."

"It would relieve my mind to feel that it would not be brought up in an election year, anyway," acknowledged Barrow, with every appearance of relief.

"Yes," said Wright, "that's what I thought."

He puffed at his cigar thoughtfully for a moment.

"I hear your man Plant had a close squeak for his job," he remarked.

"You're right. I never had to work so hard for anything as I did for him—confound him. You know he's a sort of cousin of Gay's—or Gay's wife or something."

"I'm pasturing some cattle on his reserve," said Wright.

"Indeed," said Barrow, sitting up and paying attention, for he knew at once that this was the kernel of the matter.

"Yes," pursued Wright. "They're trying to cut down my number, and it's up to Plant. Trouble is, he's terrorized by the gang of mossbacks that infest that region, and is afraid to report except according to their views. Told me so himself."

"Well," said Barrow, settling back, "we certainly ought to see that our servants are enabled to fulfill their duties unbiased by fear of injury. I'll see what I can do."

Simeon Wright bared his teeth in a sardonic grin. "Bully for you," said he. "You talk like the Congressional Record."

VII

SENATOR BARROW knew no easier electioneering than to oblige his old friend, Simeon Wright. If the latter should bring up the exclusion matter in the valley where his interests lay it would prove embarrassing. Barrow knew a bargain when he saw it, even though it did not happen to be couched in words of one syllable.

Accordingly he buttoned his frock coat around his portly figure, put on his shiny tall hat, assumed his pearl gloves and gold-headed cane, called a cab and departed instantly for Chairman Gay's beautiful Pennsylvania Avenue residence.

Chairman Gay saw him at once. It had been mentioned that the year was one of election. Barrow asked his favor in the certainty that it would be granted. Gay called his stenographer and dictated rapidly.

"Will this do?" he asked, handing Barrow the typewritten page.

"It has come to my ears," read the letter, "that you are, perhaps, unduly influenced in some of your grazing reports by the personal influence of those immediately surrounding you. While the small grazer must be protected in his rights yet it is specifically the intention of the Department to act on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, and *local interests must not stand in the way*. I am moved to give you this personal and entirely well-meant advice, my dear Plant, in view of the fact that recent unfortunate occurrences render it advisable that you make no mistakes, however unintentional."

"Thank you," said Senator Barrow, rising to take his leave.

VIII

THE Pollock boys did not feel the effects of these mighty engines set in motion against them until the following spring surprised them with the sight of Wright's cattle, eight thousand strong, driven up from the low foothill country. George Pollock rode to Big Bend. There he was received coldly and informed that expert reports on the grazing situation had not supported his contention. Perplexed and worried, he rejoined his brother. They went into the mountains with their little holdings. The summer passed in broils and altercations. Wright's men would not or could not hold their cattle on the ranges assigned.

Finally somebody commenced to take the law into his own hands. The cattle began mysteriously to die. Some had fallen over precipices. Some had broken their legs. Some had succumbed to bog holes. Some just lay down and died. Always the carcasses were so mutilated by the bears and coyotes that no man could say death had not come by accident. Yet it was a singular fact that these accidents always happened to Wright's cattle.

"It shorely looks to me like the country is unhealthy for plains cattle," said George Pollock when Shelby pointed out this fact.

"Well, it's gettin' to be more than suspicious. If I ever come on one of them accidents a-happenin', I'll shore make some one hard to catch."

"Some one's likely one of these times to make you almighty easy to catch," replied the mountaineer quietly.

Nevertheless, the summer passed without a clash. The mountain men's beef amounted to little. In December Jim Pollock's wife gave birth to a child. By March his ready money and his credit were gone. He borrowed on the place, giving a mortgage to Sexton, the storekeeper at the Flat. The latter sold it to a bank at Big Bend. In the spring late frosts almost ruined the scant crops in the foothills. The mountain men, resourceful in their own proper environment, found themselves helpless in face of unaccustomed trouble of this sort. All they could do was to ride the range almost day and night that next summer, trying to the best of their ability to keep for their cattle the feed they thought belonged to them. The fall enabled them to show a few prime cattle. Beef was down. The Pollocks had difficulty in paying their semi-annual interest. That winter they began to scrimp and starve.

The following spring the child died of an attack of scarlet fever. Mrs. Jim fell sick. Country doctoring availed little, so a physician was summoned from Big Bend. He came twice and charged fifty dollars. It was impossible to pay him again. The husband had to do his best unaided by professional skilled advice. He sat by his wife's side day and night, biting his nails, his brows bent, silent, suffering. He could do nothing more. He was drained dry. Toward the gray of one morning her spirit flickered out. Jim Pollock staggered wearily to the doorway. His spirit was crushed and wearied to the death. He looked out through the haze of his grief on the whitening world. Low in the mist-hung valleys swept a cloud of dust. Jim Pollock's dulled ears caught the lowing of great herds.

The sound brought back the ebb of his energies in a tidal wave. His long form straightened. He raised his fist to Heaven.

"You did it," he accused solemnly.

An hour later a horse drew up by George Pollock's cabin. Jim Pollock threw his reins to the ground and strode to the door, against which he flung his fist.

"Oh, Jim!" cried his brother. "Mary'll be right over. She stayed so late last night I reckon she's overslept."

"Jenny's dead," replied Jim Pollock's hoarse voice. "Bury her by the baby. I'm going to Mexico."

"Hold on; wait a minute!" cried the other man's alarmed voice. "What's the matter with you?"

"Jenny's dead—and I've just killed Plant," replied Jim Pollock. He leaped on his horse and rode away without once looking back.

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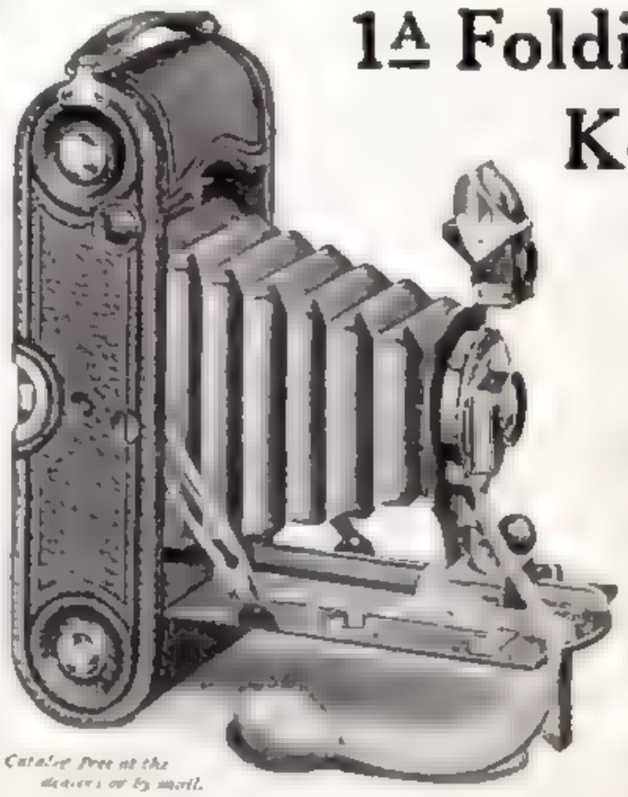

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 13)

Cecile, furious, turned her back and went head first into the sea.

"Come on," said Hamil briefly, and followed her.

When Malcourt emerged from the surf he looked about for Shiela. She was already half-way to the beach, walking with Cecile and Hamil toward the pavilion, and, starting across the shallows to overtake her, he suddenly came face to face with Virginia Suydam.

She was moving hip-deep out through the seething tide, slim, graceful, a slight flush tinting the usual delicate pallor of her cheeks.

As Malcourt waded past, he and Miss Suydam exchanged a pleasantly formal greeting, and, for the second time, something in her casual gaze—the steadiness of her pretty green-tinted eyes perhaps—perhaps their singular color—interested him.

"You did not ask *me* to your luncheon," he said gayly, as he passed her through the foam.

"No; only petticoats, Mr. Malcourt. I am sorry that your fiancée isn't coming."

He halted, perfectly aware of the deliberate and insolent indiscretion of her reply. Every line of her supple figure accented the listless, disdainful intention. As he remained motionless she turned, bent gracefully and laid her palms flat on the surface of the water, then looked idly over her shoulder at him.

He waded back close to her, she watching him advance without apparent interest—but watching him, nevertheless.

"Have you heard that anybody and myself are supposed to be engaged?" he asked.

"No," she replied coolly; "have you?"

A dark flush mantled his face and he choked.

For a moment they stood so; her brows were raised a trifle.

"Well?" she asked at last. "Have I made you very angry, Mr. Malcourt?" She waded out a step or two toward the surf, facing it. The rollers breaking just beyond made her foothold precarious; twice she nearly lost her balance; the third time he caught her hand to steady her and held it as they faced the surges, swaying together.

She did not look again at him. They stood for a while unsteadily, her hand in his grasp.

"Why on earth did you say such a thing to me?" he asked.

"I don't—know," she said simply; "I really don't, Mr. Malcourt."

And it was true; for their slight acquaintance warranted neither badinage nor effrontery; and she did not understand the sudden impulse toward provocation, unless it might be in her contempt for Shiela Cardross. And that was the doing of Mrs. Van Dieman.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking up at him, and, after a moment, down at their clasped hands. "Are we going to swim out, Mr. Malcourt?—or shall we continue to pose as newly-married for the benefit of the East Coast?"

"We'll sit in the sands," he said. "We'll probably find a lot of things to say to each other." But he dropped her fingers—gently.

"Unless you care to join your—care to join Miss Cardross."

Even while she spoke she remained calmly amazed at the commonness of her own speech, the astonishing surface streak of unsuspected vulgarity which she was naïvely exhibiting to this man.

Virginia curled up in the sand; Malcourt extended himself full length at her feet, clasped fingers supporting his head, sun-browned legs crossed behind him.

Vetchen, who had followed, began an interminable story on the usual theme of his daughter, Mrs. Tom O'Hara, illustrating her beauty, her importance, and the incidental importance of himself; and it was with profound surprise and deep offense that he discovered that neither Malcourt nor Miss Suydam was listening. Indeed, in brief undertones, they had been carrying on a guarded conversation of their own all the while; and presently little Vetchen took his leave with a hauteur quite lost on those who had so unconsciously affronted him.

"Of course, it is very civil of you to say you remember me," Virginia was saying, "but I am perfectly aware you do not."

Malcourt insisted that he recalled their meeting at Portlaw's Adirondack camp on Luckless Lake two years before, cudgeling his brains at the same time to recollect seeing Virginia there and striving to remember some corroborative incident. But all he could really recall was a young and unhappily married woman to whom he had made violent love and it was even an effort for him to remember *her* name.

"How desperately you try," observed Virginia, leisurely constructing a little rampart of sand between them. "Listen to me, Mr. Malcourt"—she raised her eyes, and again the faint hint of provocation in them preoccupied him—"I remembered you, and I have sometimes hoped we might meet again. Is that amends for the very bad taste I displayed in speaking of your engagement before it has been announced?"

"I am not engaged—to be married," he said deliberately.

She looked at him steadily, and he sustained the strain of the gaze in his own untroubled fashion.

"You are not engaged?"

"No."

She straightened up, resting her weight on one bare arm, then leisurely laid her length on the burning sands and, face framed between her fingers, considered him in silence.

In her attitude, in her very conversation with this man, there was, for her, a certain sense of abandonment; a mental renouncing of all that had hitherto characterized her in her relations with an always formal world, as though that were necessary to meet him on his own level.

Never before had she encountered the temptation, the opportunity, or the person where the impulse to discard convention, conviction, training, had so irresistibly presented itself. Nor could she understand it now; yet she was aware, instinctively, that she was on the verge of the temptation and the opportunity; that there existed a subtle something in this man, in herself, that tempted to conventional relaxation.

"That was a very pretty woman you were so devoted to in the Adirondacks," she said.

He recalled the incident with a pleasant frankness which left her unconvinced.

Suddenly it came over her that she had had enough of him—more than was good for her, and she sat up straight, primly retying her neckerchief.

"To-morrow?" he was saying, too civilly; but on her way to the pavilion she could not remember what she had replied, or how she had rid herself of him.

Inside the pavilion she saw Hamil and Shiela Cardross, already dressed, watching the lively occupants of the swimming-pool; and she exchanged a handshake with the former and a formal nod with the latter.

"Garret, your aunt is worrying because somebody told her that there are snakes in the district where you are at work. Come in some evening and reassure her." And to Shiela: "So sorry you cannot come to my luncheon, Miss Cardross. You *are* Miss Cardross, aren't you? I've been told otherwise."

Hamil looked up, pale and astounded; but Shiela answered, undisturbed:

"My sister Cecile is the younger; yes, I am Miss Cardross."

And Hamil realized there had been two ways of interpreting Virginia's question, and he reddened, suddenly appalled at his own knowledge and at his hasty and gross conclusions.

If Shiela noticed the quick changes in his face she did not appear to, nor the curious glance that Virginia cast at him.

"*So* sorry," said Miss Suydam again, "for if you are going to be so much engaged to-day you will no doubt also miss the tea for that pretty Mrs. Ascott."

"No," said Shiela, "I wouldn't think of missing that." And carelessly to Hamil: "As you and I have nothing on hand I'll take you to meet Mrs. Ascott if you like."

Which was a notice to Virginia that Miss Cardross had declined her luncheon from deliberate disinclination.

Hamil, vaguely conscious that all was not as agreeable as the surface of things indicated, said cordially that he'd be very glad to go anywhere with Shiela to meet anybody, adding to Virginia that he'd heard of Mrs. Ascott, but could not remember when or where.

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"Probably you've heard of her often enough from Louis Malcourt," said Virginia. "He and I were just recalling his frenzied devotion to her in the Adirondacks, that," she added smilingly to Shiela, "was before Mrs. Ascott got her divorce from her miserable little French count and resumed her own name. She [illegible] the most engaging creature when Mr. Malcourt and I met her two years ago."

Shiela, who had been listening with head partly averted and grave eyes following the antics of the divers in the pool, turned slowly and encountered Virginia's smile with a straight, cold gaze of utter distrust.

Nothing was said for a moment, then Virginia spoke smilingly again to Hamil concerning his aunt's uneasiness, turned toward Shiela, exchanged a formal adieu with her, and walked on toward her dressing-room and shower. Hamil and Miss Cardross turned the other way.

When Shiela was seated in her double wheel-chair with Hamil beside her she looked up through her veil unsmiling into his serious face.

"Did you notice anything particularly impertinent in Miss Saydam's question?" she asked quietly.

"What question?"

"When she asked me whether I was Miss Cardross."

The slow color again burned his bronzed skin. He made no reply, nor did she await any after a silent consideration of his troubled face.

"Where did you hear about me?" she asked.

She had partly turned in her seat, resting both gloved hands on the crook of her folded sunshade, and leaning a little toward him.

"Don't ask me," he said, "whatever I heard I heard unwillingly ——"

"You *have* heard?"

He did not answer.

The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. On the road they met Mrs. Cardross and Jessie Carrick driving to a luncheon; later, Gray passed in his motor with his father.

"I have an idea that you and I are to lunch alone," said Hamil as they reached the house; and so it turned out, for Malcourt was going off with Portlaw somewhere and Cecile was dressing for Virginia's luncheon.

"Did you care to go with me to the Ascott-O'Hara function?" asked Shiela, pausing on the terrace. Her voice was lustless, her face devoid of animation.

"I don't care where I go if I may go with you," he said, with a new accent of intention in his voice which did not escape her.

She went slowly up the stairs, untying her long veil as she mounted. Cecile in a bewildering hat and gown emerged upon the terrace before Shiela reappeared, and found Hamil perched upon the balustrade, poring over a pocketful of blueprints, and she said very sweetly, "Good-by, my elder brother. Will you promise to take the best of care of our little sister Shiela while I'm away?"

"The very best," he said, sliding feet foremost to the terrace. "Heavens, Cecile, you certainly are bewitching in those clothes!"

"It is what they were built for, brother," she said serenely. "Good-by; we won't shake hands, on account of my gloves. . . . Do be nice to Shiela. She isn't very gay these days—I don't know why. I believe she has rather missed you."

Hamil tucked her into her chair, the darky pedaled off; then the young man returned to the terrace, where presently a table for two was brought and luncheon announced as Shiela Cardross appeared.

Hamil displayed the healthy and undiscriminating appetite of a man who is too busy mentally and physically to notice what he eats and drinks; Shiela touched nothing except fruit. She lighted his cigarette for him before the coffee, and took one herself, turning it thoughtfully over and over between her delicately-shaped fingers; but at a glance of inquiry from him:

"No, I don't," she said; "it burns my tongue. Besides, I may some day require it as a novelty to distract me—so I'll wait."

She rose a moment later, and stood, distrait, looking out across the sunlit world. He at her elbow, head bent, idly watched the smoke curling upward from his cigarette.

Presently, as though moved by a common impulse, they turned together, slowly

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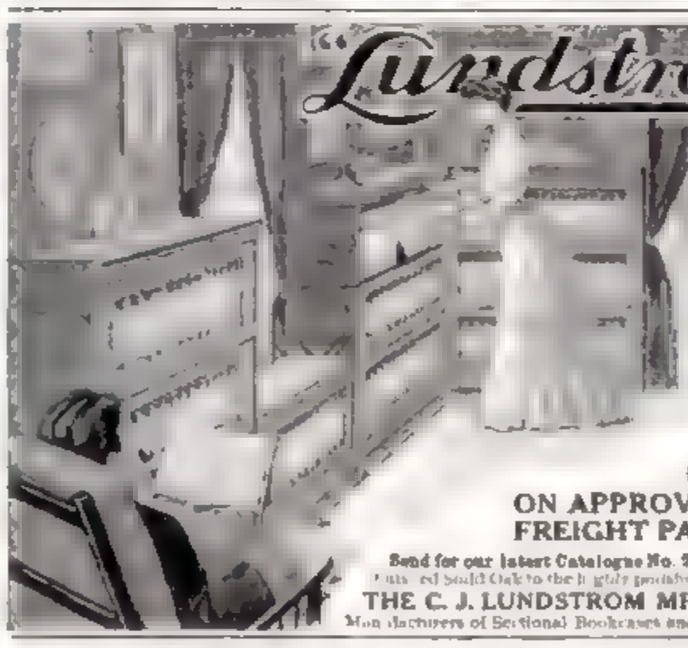

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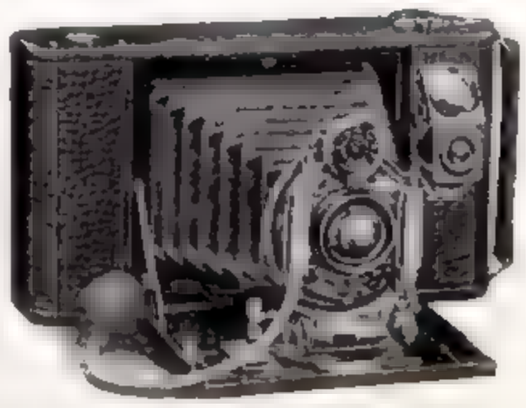

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traversed the terrace and the long pergola all crimson and white with Bougainvillea and jasmine, and entered the jungle road beyond the courts, where carved seats of coquina glimmered at intervals along the avenue of oaks and palmettos, and where stone-edged pools reflected the golden green dusk of the semi-tropical foliage above. On the edge of one of these basins the girl seated herself.

"Do you understand now," she said, "why I could not afford the informality of our first meeting? What you have heard about me explains why I can scarcely afford to discard convention, does it not, Mr Hamil?"

She went on, her white fingers now framing her face and softly indenting the flushed skin:

"I don't know who has talked to you, or what you have heard; but I knew by your expression, there at the swimming-pool, that you had heard enough to embarrass you and—and hurt me very, very keenly."

"Calypso!" he broke out impulsively.

But she shook her head. "Let *me* tell you if it must be told, Mr. Hamil. . . . Father and mother are dreadfully sensitive; I have only known about it for two years; two years ago they told me—had to tell me. . . . Well, it still seems hazy and incredible. I was educated in a French convent—if you know what that means. All my life I have been guarded—sheltered from knowledge of evil; I am still unprepared to comprehend. . . . And I am still very ignorant; I know that. . . . So you see how it was with me; a girl awakened to such self-knowledge cannot grasp it entirely—cannot wholly convince herself except at moments—at night. Sometimes—when a crisis threatens—and one has lain awake long in the dark ——"

She gathered her knees in her arms and stared at the patch of sunlight that lay across the hem of her gown, leaving her feet shod in gold.

"I don't know how much difference it really makes to the world. I suppose I shall learn—if people are to discuss me. How much difference does it make, Mr. Hamil?"

"It makes none to me ——"

"The world extends beyond your pleasant comradeship," she said. "How does the world regard a woman of no origin—whose very name is a charity ——"

"Shiela!"

"W-what?" she said, trying to smile; and then slowly laid her head in her hands, covering her face.

She had given way, very silently, for as he bent close to her he felt the tearful aroma of her uneven breath—the feverish flush on cheek and hand, the almost imperceptible tremor of her slender body—rather close to him now.

When she had regained her composure, and her voice was under command, she straightened up, face averted.

"You are quite perfect, Mr. Hamil; you have not hurt me with one misguided and well-intended word. That is as it should be between us—must always be."

"Of course," he said slowly.

She nodded, still looking away from him. "Let us each enjoy our own griefs unmolested. You have yours?"

"No, Shiela; I haven't any griefs."

"Come to me when you have; I shall not humiliate you with words to shame your intelligence and my own. If you suffer, you suffer; but it is well to be near a friend—not *too* near, Mr. Hamil."

"Not too near," he repeated.

"No; that is unendurable. The counter-irritant to grief is sanity, not emotion. When a woman is a little frightened the presence of the unafraid is what steadies her."

She looked over her shoulder into the water, reached down, broke off a blossom of wild hyacinth, and, turning, drew it through the buttonhole of his coat.

"You and I had better think about dressing," she said. "You *don't* mind, do you, if I take you to meet Mrs. Ascott?—she was Countess de Caldelis; it's taken her years to secure her divorce."

Hamil remembered the little dough-faced, shrimp-limbed count when he first came over with the object of permitting somebody to support him indefinitely, so that later, in France, he could in turn support his mistresses in the style to which they earnestly desired to become accustomed.

And now the American girl who had been a countess was back, a little wiser, a little harder, and more cynical, with some of the bloom rubbed off, yet much of her superficial beauty remaining.

"Alida Ascott," murmured Shiela. "Jessie was a bridesmaid. Poor little girl!—I'm glad she's free. There were no children," she said, looking up at Hamil, "in that case a decent girl is justified! Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," he said, smiling. "I'm not one of those who believe that such separations threaten us with social disintegration."

"Nor I. Almost every normal woman desires to live decently. She has a right to. All young girls are ignorant. If they begin with a dreadful but innocent mistake, does the safety of society require of them the horror of lifelong degradation? Then the safety of such a society is not worth the sacrifice. That is my opinion."

"That settles a long-vexed problem," he said, laughing at her earnestness.

But she looked at him unsmiling while he spoke, hands clasped in her lap, the fingers twisting and tightening till the rose-tinted nails whitened.

Men have only a vague idea of women's ignorance; how naturally they are inclined to respond to a man; how the dominating egotism of a man and his confident professions and his demands confuse them; how deeply his appeals for his own happiness stir them to pity. . . . They have heard of love—and they do not know. If ever they dream of it, it is not what they have imagined when a man suddenly comes crashing through the barriers of friendship and stuns them with an incoherent recital of his own desires. And yet, in spite of the shock, it is with them instinctive to be kind. No woman can endure an appeal unmoved; except for them there would be no beggars; their charity is not a creed: it is the essence of them, the beginning of all things for them—and the end.

The bantering smile had died out in Hamil's face; he sat very still, interested, disturbed, and then wondering when his eyes caught the restless manœuvres of the little hands, constantly in motion, interlacing, eloquent of the tension of self-suppression.

He thought: "Divorce? It is a good thing—as the last resort. And a woman need feel no responsibility for the sort of society that would deprive a woman of the last refuge she has."

He raised his eyes curiously in time to intercept hers.

"So—you did not know me, after all, it seems," she said with a faint smile. "You never suspected in me a *Vierge Rouge*, militant, champion of her downtrodden sex, haranguing whomsoever would pay her the fee of his attention. Did you?"

And as he made no reply: "Your inference is, that I have had some unhappy love affair—some perilously close escape from—unhappy matrimony." She shrugged. "As though a girl could plead only a cause which concerned herself. . . . *Tell* me what you are thinking?"

She had risen, and he stood up before her fascinated.

"Tell me!" she insisted; "I shall not let you go until you do!"

"I was thinking about you."

"Please don't! . . . Are you doing it yet?" closely confronting him, hands behind her.

"Yes, I am," he said, unable to keep his eyes from her, all her beauty and youth and freshness troubling him, closing in upon him like subtle fragrance in the golden forest dusk.

"Are you *still* thinking about me?"

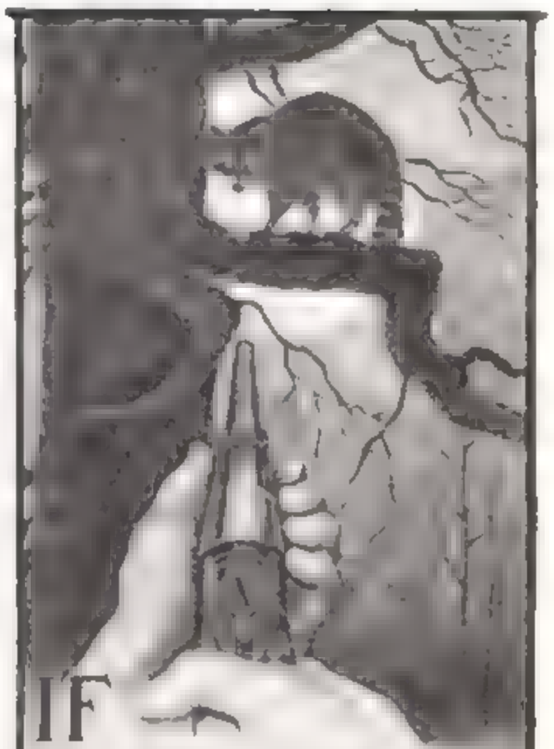
"Yes."

The rare sweet laughter edged her lips, for an instant; then something in his eyes checked her. Color and laughter died out, leaving a pale, confused smile; and the straight gaze wavered, grew less direct, yet lost not a shade of his expression, which also had changed.

Neither spoke; and after a moment they turned away, walking not very near together toward the house.

The sunshine and the open somehow brought relief, and the delicate constraint between them relaxed as they sauntered slowly into the house where Shiela presently went away to dress for the Ascott function, and Hamil sat down on the veranda for a while, then retired to undertake the embellishment of his own person.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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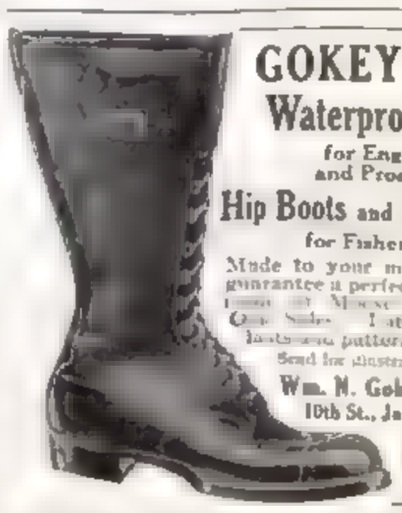

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THE TIGER GOD

(Continued from Page 10

about impishly to draw him into placing one of his front feet in it, tapping the too-handy nose of the captive when he sought to twist it about the neck of his tormentor.

There! he had him! Even the animal so lately out of his man-bondage knew that his old masters had got the better of him. At each move he made, the ropes, fore and aft, were tightened by the villagers, until his feet were bunched like those of a performing elephant on a tub; and his trunk could only be uncurled to receive a blow. He moaned dismally. Then a short chain was fastened from a fore leg to a hind, the ropes were loosened, and Bahadar commanded to move on. He could only take a short stride, and seemed to realize that men who pitched him on his head and took away the freedom of his legs, and had removed the tantalizing devil that scorched his neck, were creatures to be obeyed.

"I will ride on the back of my lord," Amar said; "for already he is come out of the torments of evil spirits."

"The others will come back to the *keddah* to-night," Tonkia advised as they trudged along behind; "they will know he has returned to the wheat cakes."

Finnerty and Amar doctored Bahadar's wound, and the *mahout* cooked wheat cakes for his charge. As Tonkia had predicted, just at dawn the next day the three other truants were heard whimpering penitently outside the elephant compound, having evidently come in on the trail of the big bull.

The capture of the elephants seemed to put heart in the Gopal villagers. The Yogi with professional mendacity explained how his gods had accepted his sacrifice and had caused the Baghut to pass out of the elephant, and that now also the tiger would be destroyed at the hands of the Presence, whom they had sent at his petition.

While the Yogi swaggered large at the turn in the mythological tide, the *sahib* prepared for a beat of the man-eater.

Bahadar was doctored, and fed, and petted, and tried out in the way of little jaunts with a howdah on his back. The elephant seemed to have forgotten that he had ever been out of harness—ever been on the rampage. Perhaps the little black balls of opium that Amar held in the palm of his hand for the searching trunk had something to do with this.

VIII

THAT the Dweller at the Gate might not become dissatisfied with his favorite haunt, Finnerty had a young buffalo tied up at the mouth of the *nullah*.

It was well that he accompanied the men with the buffalo. The Dweller was supposed to be in the neighborhood of Rhatni village that day—a native had come down the river in a canoe with this information—but as Finnerty, Indra and two herdsmen were returning after having tied up the bait, suddenly, not thirty feet away, the huge tiger strode into the open path, and stood there in all his terrible beauty. The sun picked out the fulvous stripes of his hide from the black, till he looked like a statue of inlaid gold and ebony; in his massive face was that domineering stare of curiosity that Amar had once seen.

A rare thrill of puzzled anxiety that was almost fear swept over the Irishman, for in his hand he carried nothing but a small .303 Mannlicher rifle that he had brought in addition to the powerful Express which Indra was carrying for him. He had heard the coughing bark of a deer down in the edge of the jungle, and had hoped to come by some venison with the little rifle.

The Dweller was puzzled. Evidently he had winded the herdsmen and had leisurely stalked them, expecting that on his appearance they would turn to flee and give him the exhilarating, rushing charge that was so like the bringing down of a deer, and yet so much easier. But something of instinct now told him that this strange-odored creature, that brought to his memory the old man-fear that had once been over him, and who faced him resolutely like one of his own kind, was not just what he had expected. He gave a querulous growl; it carried the tone of a hoarse laugh; it was like the nervous cough of a puzzled man. And stare as he would, a pair of blue eyes, steadier even than his own, met his gaze unflinchingly. His long, powerful tail vibrated with nervous indecision.

Finnerty passed a hand behind his back, wondering if, while he had held the tiger at bay, the three brown men had flitted silently into the jungle. But Indra, as he had said himself, was a Koitre—a man, an elemental creature of courage and trust in the *sahib*. Finnerty's waiting fingers felt the press of a steel barrel; and the tiger's eyes, that seemed to harden in ferocity, had lowered from his own to watch something that moved. As he slowly carried the Express around his hip, in the tiger's one-chambered mind crept the old jungle cunning that had caused him to shun the things he did not understand, creatures that gave no evident sign of fear; the lurking cowardice that is in all his tribe laid hesitancy upon his heart, and with the undulating move of a gliding snake he slipped from the path to the hiding veil of green-leaved bush.

With a swift move Finnerty brought the Express to the ready with both barrels cocked; his lungs opened and drank of the air a great draft as though they had hung sealed for an age.

A herdsman's voice at his shoulder was pleading: "Oh, Heaven Born, Protector of the Poor, come, that we may run to safety!" And the voice of the little Gond cut the pleader short with: "Coward, and son of a coward! keep thy tongue in silence! 'Tis such as thee that tempts an eater of cattle to turn an eater of men!"

In the thick bush that bordered the path they could hear the pushing tread of the man-eater; it was strangely like the pace of one who walks back and forth in anger. And to the whispering echo of the pugs there was a low moaning accompaniment of the harsh voice.

"Go you first, Indra," Finnerty commanded, handing him the Mannlicher. He pushed the herdsmen forward at the heels of Indra, saying: "He will charge from behind; I'll stop the brute!"

"Yes, Heaven Born, do not allow the tiger to eat us, for we are fathers of large families," a herdsman whimpered, as with trembling limbs they followed the Gond.

In the Irishman's brave heart was a wise dread. The retreat of the Dweller to the jungle-cover showed his devilish cunning. He who had openly taken men from the very shadow of their village walls was now possessed of a fiendish caution in the presence of real danger. Probably he would charge their line from some close thicket or an overhanging bank, and in that thick jungle even the powerful Express rifle would be of little more avail than a pea-blower to check the blood-thirsty brute unless chance carried the bullet to his heart or brain.

"Sure, if I had him in the open at twenty paces I'd bet ten to one on myself!" Finnerty muttered in anger at his present precarious position; "but here the divil's got all the best of it."

The rumbling echo of the tiger's grunting snarl had passed, at a distance of twenty paces in the direction in which their path turned to the right. Then the rasping moan ceased; there was an ominous silence, broken almost at once by a warning cry from Indra and a collision from the two herdsmen, who, turning to flee, crashed into the *sahib*. He was just in time to see the hind quarters of the prowling brute as he disappeared after crossing their path in front.

The next instant came to their ears a low squealing call that Finnerty knew for the weak, asthmatic voice of a buffalo. Something had happily startled their bait, and perhaps now the tiger would leave them.

Indra voiced the *sahib's* thoughts, saying: "The spirits have caused the buffalo to call to the tiger, and he will go, thinking it a sacrifice."

Still with caution they made their way through the jungle, and when they issued to the field without again seeing the striped prowler, the herdsmen ran for the village like frightened hares, shouting: "Maha Kali, goddess of gods!"

That night the atmosphere of Gopal vibrated with a foretaste of something that was to be. Little brown bodies, pot-bellied till they resembled animated earthen jars, their childish gabble hushed by the elders' talk of the combat that was to be between the Dweller at the Gate and the Presence, scurried about like frightened mice.

Yogi Byro, just at sunset, went out to the village temple, the oblong cement platform

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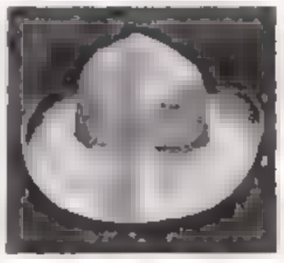

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that faced the east, and touching the mystical swastika on its side, mumbled the incantation of his sect against tigers.

A jackal that had sat on his haunches at a distance, hoping that perchance some edible offering would be left, at that moment, out of the misery of his lean, starved stomach, lifted his voice in a low, whimpering, tremulous note. The jackal's call carried over the left shoulder of the priest, and he knew that his prayer had found acceptance with the gods; it was an omen of success.

He tramped back to the village, and standing just in front of Abdul's shop, flanked on the hard road with his iron tongs and their clattering rings, calling aloud that by his intercession the anger of the gods had passed.

"That is the way, *sahib*," Baboo Ghose said to Finnerty as they passed the clamorous priest; "this cunning fellow is always telling what the gods are going to do; and to-morrow your Honor and your humble slave will go out on elephants' beat in proper order of game rules and disfigure that unruly tiger with bullets. Then these ignorant fellows will give Yogi alms, and think he is good chums with the gods."

"Yes, he'll get all the glory," Finnerty answered, "while we do the work, eh, Baboo?"

"Never mind, your Honor; I am speaking to the Thakore, and he will make present of many thousand rupees, especially if he gets very drunk, your Honor. Then, *sahib*, you will remember your humble slave for his share. I am working too hard to bring about happy result of the campaign, I will tell the Thakore's servant to provide handy bottle of brandy that his Highness may get generous feeling."

"Is the tiger partial to fat men, Baboo?" Finnerty asked, and gazed at the Bengali's slick, round figure.

A sickly grin uncovered Ghose's white teeth. "Oh, *sahib*," he ejaculated in a trembling voice, "I will be too careful—I mean," he interrupted, "I will make deadly shooting if he charge to the top side of my elephant. Only, your Honor, all the glory of killing the man-eating tiger is for you, so I will bring up the rear to be guard. I have shot plenty tigers, so I am not greedy for more honor."

Floating over the low mist-veiled flat of cultivated fields came the trembling reverberations of a deep-toned roar that seemed to shake the earth. The Gond's apelike face wrinkled in sardonic joy. "Hearest a voice, Amar?" he asked. "'Tis not a squeak like that of a pig or an elephant, nor like the bray of an ass."

Amar spat contemptuously.

"He has made the kill," Indra said in a hushed voice, speaking to the circle that had drawn closer, with blanched faces, to the fire. "And if it is to be it will be; and that is the way kings die, full gorged, and not hiding their lean faces from the mother of starvation. And as for thee, Amar, who art a scraper of elephants' hides, my lord the tiger will scratch the nose of thy fat pig, Bahadar, when they meet in the same path to-morrow."

IX

IN THE morning there was a busy, bustling preparation. The women and children, their eyes solemn with dread, watched the men who, in half-hearted acceptance, waited for the order that was to send them out to face the dreaded Dweller at the Gate.

Finnerty had arranged his forces. With Amar he would occupy a howdah on Bahadar's back; the Baboo was to go on Tonkia's elephant; Kasim was on a third; while the fourth carried a drum, a man with a horn and other men of noise.

The Major cursed energetically when, at the last minute, the Thakore came forth from his palace, his heavy face grotesquely tricked by an idiotic brandy-smile of assurance, saying that he, too, was going to see the great sport of the *sahib* in conflict with the man-eater. And also he was going in the howdah with the *sahib;* and, what was still more distressing, he ordered a peon to bring him a gun.

"Faith, I think if there is a fool god in the Hindu Pantheon, this is his day of dominion," Finnerty muttered.

But soon they all went forth, quite a pageant; the elephants carrying a dozen beaters, or rather "stops"—men to be placed in trees to watch for the tiger and signal his movements to the huntsmen. Finnerty felt certain that they would find the tiger gorged to laziness lying up in the cool shade of his favorite *nullah*. Indeed he had seen the very spot where the royal beast slept away the hot days, a grass-carpeted hollow beneath an overhanging bank not fifty yards from his drinking pool.

When they came to where the buffalo had been tied up they found, as expected, that the tiger had killed, and somewhat in flaunting insolence had eaten the hindquarters on the very spot. This evidence that the Dweller was at peace with his stomach put courage into the beaters; and when they arrived at the mouth of the *nullah*, and being down wind from the tiger's haunt, the brown men, at Finnerty's command, slipped like noiseless shadows along the ridge on either side, and at intervals climbed, apelike, with hand and foot, to the upper branches of trees. The three elephants were sent in a detour to enter the other end of the ravine, while Bahadar would work slowly along the tiger's path, intercepting him as he sought to escape. After a time the tap of a bamboo high up in a distant tree, the signal that had been agreed upon, told that the elephants had been placed.

"Go forward, Amar," Finnerty commanded. And to Indra who stood behind the howdah with a rump-stick, he said: "Do not let him turn, brother, if the tiger swoops down on us with a sudden charge."

The Thakore nodded his head in solemn appreciation of the *sahib's* generalship, and drew across his knee a heavy 8-bore gun that would probably kick him out of the howdah when he fired it, Finnerty surmised.

It was a good plan as the way of *shikaris* go, but the *sahib* was pitting his man-craft against the subtle jungle cunning of an animal that, from years of association, had come to know the ways of men, and who, out of some unfathomable instinct, felt the vibrating influence of a fear associated with the presence of this strange unfamiliar-looking being that had faced him in the path the day before.

With heavy caution the big tusker picked his way along the bottom of the gorge, as sure-footed as a goat, the soft cushions of his feet as noiseless as the velvet pads of a panther. The greatest noise emanating from the huge, moving structure was the stertorous breath of the thick-necked Thakore.

Once Bahadar stopped and stamped the earth impatiently with a forefoot and Finnerty, knowing that the keen-sensed giant had caught a whiff of the tiger, cocked his Express and searched the jungle for some sign of their quarry. Again they moved forward, the Thakore nearly sweeping Amar from the elephant's neck with an awkward swing of his heavy 8-bore as he brought it into play like a swivel gun. Twenty yards, and once more Bahadar stopped and beat a little irritated tattoo upon the path with his trunk.

"This old warrior has been in many a beat," Finnerty thought; "he's telling us as plainly as he can that we're getting hot."

Indra touched the *sahib* on the shoulder and pointed to a tree just in front. A big female monkey sat on a limb staring down into the jungle, a look of paralyzing fear in her face; her limbs trembled, and a babe that clung to her stomach squeaked like a cornered rat.

"He's yonder, *sahib*, and is an eater of monkeys—they know," Indra whispered.

Suddenly the crest on the monkey's head bristled—she raised her voice in angry clamor. Her tirade of abuse was caught up all along the right bank of the ravine by others of her tribe. The foliage of the trees swayed as though a strong breeze brushed them as the monkeys sprang from limb to limb, and Finnerty knew that the Dweller had slipped away.

Then a tattoo of sticks beating against trees carried to their ears, and Finnerty, with a growl of disappointment, told Amar to push ahead at full speed

Three or four hundred yards brought them to where the *nullah* opened out into a low flat, thick in coriander and mimosa, which stretched away to an expanse of elephant grass. Here the three elephants were waiting, which was really contrary to the *sahib's* orders, for they were to have worked down the ravine toward him. One of the stops in the top of a stunted teak tree was pointing with his stick to a heavy patch of thick bush, his information being confirmed by the "miaou" of a startled peacock somewhere in its cover.

"If he is driven from there, *sahib*," the Gond advised, "he will return here to his bungalow."

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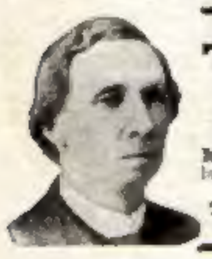

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Finnerty studied the situation for a minute, and then ordered the three elephants to sweep in a wide detour around to the far side of the cover and, with much noise, make a drive through, but slowly.

When they had gone he had Amar take Bahadar thirty yards to the right of the ravine, where he left the Thakore in the howdah with his huge weapon. Then, with Indra to carry his second gun, he took up a position on a flat rock just at the left of the *nullah's* mouth. The quite discernible path of the tiger lay within fifteen feet of this rock, and Finnerty's plan was one of great beauty in its deadliness, completed by the reliability of his nerve. He knew the way of the great cats; the man-eater, driven reluctantly from his cover by the beat, would come in sullen leisure along the path, his huge head, with its slobbering mouth, low-hung, and a soft whistle when he was just there in the open, twenty feet away, would bring him to a stop and a full-faced stare at the whistler. And the hunter's six or eight feet of elevation would give him a deadly bead on the brain beneath the sloping skull.

It was the perfect plan of a cool-nerved *sahib* schooled in such matters, but, unfortunately for its execution, the lamentable Baboo Ghose was a factor, and in this way:

When the three elephants had worked half-way around the tiger's cover, the Baboo, his imaginative mind dwelling largely upon the cruelty of man-eaters, commanded Tonkia to stop Begum under a big banyan, saying to Kasim and the men of noise on the fourth elephant: "Go you, as the *sahib* has said. I will stay here to turn that deceitful tiger back if he comes at the side."

Kasim hesitated, knowing that three elephants in line would be more overawing to the Dweller than two; but the Baboo, brave in speech, said angrily: "You are fine *shikari*, afraid of that cowardly tiger, when I am not afraid to stay here alone on one elephant. Go!"

Grumblingly the others departed, and the Baboo, feeling safer half-hid among the many-rooting branches of the banyan, stuffed a roll of betel-nut in his cheek and rested in content, quite oblivious of the fact that he had blocked the path of an army in marching order. Down a hanging branch which now rested across the back of his elephant had been marching for hours brigade after brigade of the square-headed black army ant. The lifting of the trailing branch from the ground by the elephant had broken the road, and the big-jawed skirmishers that always dart hither and thither on the outskirts of the ants' marching body, had rushed back with their tale of disaster, throwing the whole column into confusion. But those from behind, following the inherited instinct which stops at nothing, pressed onward, with the result that company after company debouched on to the black desert of the elephant's back. The ants were angry, and, their fighting blood up; they fastened their powerful nippers in the wrinkles of Begum's hide. When that lady became restless her agitation only increased the animosity of the baffled ants; they pervaded the howdah, streaming up the Baboo's fat legs, and extended their skirmishing line to the *mahout's* almost naked body. It was more than human nature, or even elephant nature, could stand. Tonkia, distracted with a hot anguish that was like the streaming of molten lead over his body, lost control of Begum, who, with a squealing trumpet of revolt, charged ahead, straight through the coriander bushes toward the river that she knew lay beyond, her trumpeting note almost drowning the yells of affright from Baboo Ghose. Fifty yards of plowing through the bushes when, with a roar of anger, the tiger rose up in Begum's path. Her little pig eyes caught one sight of the dreadful face, and forgetting the minor matter of the ants, she whisked about just as the tiger charged, receiving him full on her rump. Squealing with fear Begum raced for the protection of the big tusker.

Startled by the trumpeting, Finnerty waited with rifle ready. Suddenly he saw smashing out of the cover the form of Begum with uplifted trunk; far out over the howdah, like a sickly yellow moon, hung the fat face of the Baboo, its owner yelling: "Oh, my Lord! the biting tiger—save my poor life! *Sahib! Sahib!*" Then, as Begum swung in her course, the mottled head of the tiger showed as he struggled up the sloping rump. The Thakore, true to the courage of his Rajput blood, stood up, and swinging the heavy 8-bore with unwise

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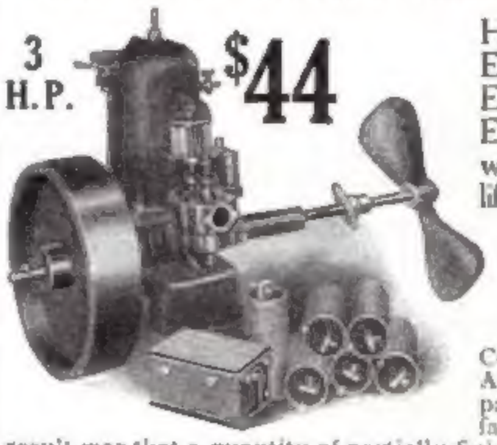

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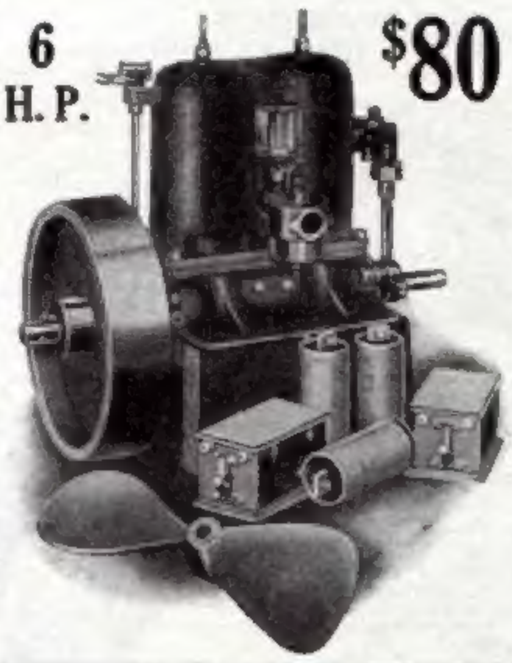

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looseness to his shoulder, waited till Begum was within ten paces, and fired pointblank at the now visible striped body.

The booming crash of 17 drachms of powder in the heavy gun; the yells of the Baboo; the shrill, piping scream of Begum, the harsh, grating snarl of the tiger, the frightened calls of the *mahouts* made a din of indescribable intensity—it was pandemonium.

Finnerty saw the Thakore stagger from the recoil of his gun and topple backward over the rail of his howdah; the next instant with a heavy thud Begum crashed into Bahadar in her endeavor to dislodge the devil that ripped her flanks and thighs with his powerful claws. The *sahib* thrust out his hand and, grasping the Gond by his green jacket, said: "Stick close with the gun! Come on, Indra, we must save the Thakore!"

The little man's voice, saying in swift quietness, "I am not afraid, *sahib*," caused Finnerty to release his grip in shame, as they slipped from the flat rock and raced for the mad mixture of elephants and humans and tiger.

Before Finnerty had covered half the intervening space a strange smothering of the turmoil had come to pass; a sickening, deathly quiet had supervened. Begum, having swept the tiger from her quarters, or perhaps he had been stricken down by Bahadar's trunk, was in full retreat. The big bull, startled, with no guide on his back but the frightened Amar, had backed away ten yards, his ivory tusks thrust out in sullen readiness for a charge. The Thakore, half stunned, was struggling in a dazed manner to rise; and just beyond crouched the tiger, his yellow fangs bared in a demoniac snarl, his broad head low-hung between shoulders that undulated as he planted his huge paws for the kill-spring.

As Finnerty ran a curious wonderment held possession of his thoughts. Would he be in time? A surety was in his mind that now indeed he would kill the brute that had evaded him. It seemed settled—absolute. The tiger's blood was up and he would think of combat only. But one crunch of the jaws, one sweeping blow of the paw, and the Thakore would be crushed like an eggshell. The time seemed to drag out miserably, and then suddenly Finnerty knew why the striped figure hung poised in the very uplift of a spring, as the yellow eyes, shifting from the Thakore, gleamed in hate into his own.

"Lie still!" he yelled to the Thakore, knowing that his voice would help to change the Dweller's intent. At his heels the little Gond's voice sounded in assurance: "I am here with the gun, *sahib*."

Finnerty's call was answered by a "Waugh! waugh-houk!" of defiance from the tiger.

Now he had reached the Rajput's side, and his Express was covering the tiger, when Amar called: "Patience, *sahib*, till Bahadar takes up the Thakore!"

Then he heard the push of the elephant's huge feet against the grass and a rebellious "Phru-ut!"

The tiger, disturbed by this move, was swinging his head from side to side, half thrown on the defensive. With his eyes lined along the steel barrel, Finnerty waited; there was the soft swish of the elephant's trunk at his shoulder; the Thakore's feet brushed his side as he was lifted.

A devilish light of savage rage shone in the yellow eyes that now, facing his own, glittered on either side of his rifle-barrel, and his fingers drew with a quick, firm pressure. He sprang to one side as a cough of rage told him the tiger had raised in a charging leap.

Where Finnerty had stood a striped body struck, pitched drunkenly forward, clutched the grass, half rose, fell, and was up and surely gathering in strength again. He felt Indra thrust the Paradox into his hand and whisk away the rifle.

He was just in time. As the tiger charged, bang! bang!—just like that—Finnerty drove the contents of both barrels, the big spherical balls with their stopping weight of metal, into the huge chest; and, too late to escape, he was struck with a terrific force that hurled him a dozen feet, to fall in a crumpled heap.

Dimly he heard a faint crackle, like the echo of a distant gun; then the black, wrinkled face of the little Gond was peering into his own, and the strong, sinewy arms were lifting him to his feet.

"Arise, *sahib*. The tiger is dead," Indra was saying.

With a weak laugh Finnerty pulled himself together and struggled to his feet. The Gond's fingers touched his left arm gently, and he looked at it curiously. It hung in a foolish, disjointed manner; it was like a separate entity. A dulled, numbing sense of pain gradually carried to his dazed senses a suspicion that the bone was broken. He asked Indra.

"Yes, *sahib*, it is shattered," the little man said quietly; "but also the tiger is dead. It is a day of success."

The Thakore, having been lifted to earth by Bahadar's trunk, came forward and held out a large silver flask that carried little blood-red eyes of ruby stones. "Drink, *sahib!*" he said laconically.

When Finnerty passed back the flask the Thakore grasped his hand, saying: "*Sahib*, I am a Rajput, and thou art a *man*—therefore we are brothers. We share what is in Gopal as thou dividest it."

Then together they went forward and stood looking at the inanimate striped form that so late had stood a terrible embodiment of strength and ferocity.

"He was all but dead, *sahib*," Indra said. "That was when your lordship had fallen, and I seized the gun you had first used, and with the other barrel, held close to his head, made this hole through which went out the evil spirit that was in him."

Finnerty looked curiously at the modest little Gond who had fired the finishing shot that had likely saved his life; for the grassed earth, torn and uprooted, bore evidence of how the wounded tiger in his dying strength had sought to get at the *sahib*.

"Is that rascal tiger defunct?" It was Baboo Ghose on the back of Begum who had come up out of the jungle.

Being assured that at last Stripes was dead, the Baboo, commanding Tonkia to make the elephant kneel, descended.

"I am going into the little trees," he said, "to frighten out this damn bad tiger when this coward elephant turn tail; that's how I am bringing out that Mr. Stripes in wrong manner. I am calling loud to you, *sahib*, to shoot, for fear the tiger running away again. But together we have killed him."

The beaters and stops had been trooping in, dropping from the trees like monkeys, and assured that the eater of their friends was really dead at last, they let loose their pent-up feelings in an execration of the tiger and his whole line of progenitors.

Now the Baboo took full possession. "Pad this rascal tiger," he commanded, and a dozen men seized the slain jungle monarch and lifted him to the back of Kasim's kneeling elephant, incidentally stripping his muzzle of the bristling whiskers as charms. Then the hunters went back to Gopal in triumphal procession.

When the simple dwellers in a village have paid tithe in cattle for years to a ravenous tiger; when they have huddled over their hearths in dread for weeks because of his murderous blood lust; when they see the oppressor stretched out dead in the market-place, helpless against their scorn, it would be unkind to bear testimony to the riot of unshackled joy. Gopal went to bed on the evening of the second day, and with a headache.

And of the Thakore's gratitude no man but Finnerty knows the fruits. When the *sahib* asked for the tiger skin in full recompense the Rajput laughed his big gorilla laugh, and sitting in a curious black ebony-wood chair inlaid with pearl, directed Baboo Ghose what things to put in the huge sandalwood box that was to go on the steamer with Finnerty *sahib*, who was a man, when he went forth from Gopal.

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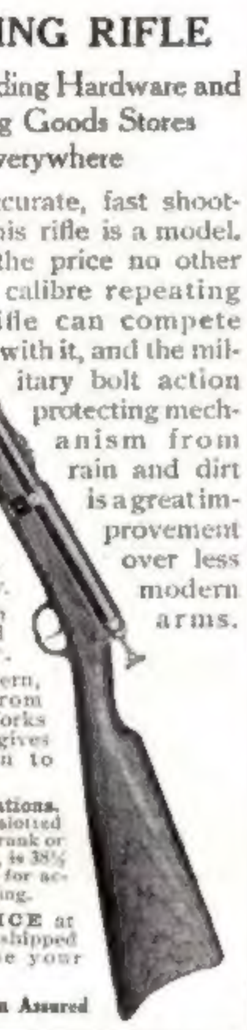

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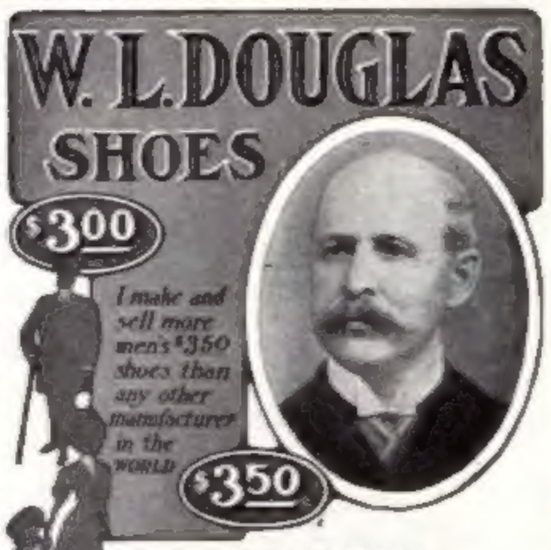

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